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AGREEMENT TO DISAGREE ?

ON both sides of the Atlantic the suggestion is being made that Mr. Truman, Marshal Stalin and Mr. Attlee should once again meet before it is too late. Such a meeting would have little to commend it if it were viewed as a last-minute attempt to resume co-operation between East and West. Co-operation must be based on a willingness to compromise, and of that there is not the slightest indication in either Washington or Moscow. Indeed, in the present temper of American public opinion any readiness on the part of Mr. Truman to reach a settlement with the Soviet Union would be regarded as appeasement and immediately disowned by his presidential rivals. There is little chance of any change in the general direction of American foreign policy until after the election next November.

On the Russian side, the complete breakdown of the attempt to secure even a basis of discussion on the subject of atomic warfare shows an equally unbending attitude. Control of atomic energy is the most important single issue which confronts the world. A solution is rendered out of the question for the time being by the Russian refusal to accept any form of inspection unless the Americans permit the previous destruction of their stock pile of atomic bombs. The Russians are convinced that such an inspection would be merely a Western device for pin-pointing the targets for atomic bombing in the next war. With each side so deeply convinced of the aggressive intentions of the other, it is mere wishful thinking to believe that a meeting of the Big Three could achieve co-operation on the issues which have divided them for three years.

Does this mean that a meeting would be useless? Not necessarily. The real danger to-day is not that Russia will declare war on America, or America on Russia, but that the world will slither into the Third World War inadvertently and by degrees. Washington and Moscow are both thinking in almost exclusively strategic terms. But when two potential belligerents are planning defensive zones, the point always comes where the zones overlap, and what is defensive from one point of view is outrageously aggressive from the other. The control of the Dardanelles—including friendly governments in Greece and Turkey—is essential to the defence of Russia. It is also essential to the defence of the Anglo-American oil fields of the Middle East. Examples could be multiplied indefinitely. In every case where these strategic zones overlap, there is uncertainty and a danger of a drift into war.

The real purpose of a Big Three meeting this year would be to buy the time which both the Western and the Eastern Blocs feel they desperately need. The West needs time, for instance, to reconstruct Western Europe, the East to carry out the plan for Eastern European industrialisation. Maybe they will be buying time for the worst possible motive—because they do not see how to win the war to-day and want to make victory certain in five or ten years' time. But motives in such a desperate situation are of secondary importance. Five or ten years of armistice are preferable to war to-morrow. Much can happen on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

In a Motion which he has tabled in the House of Commons, Mr. Seymour Cocks, together with a number of other Socialists, recognises this with a welcome lucidity. More precise than Senator Pepper, Mr. Cocks urges a meeting of the Big Three in order to reach agreement on spheres of influence, or in other words an armistice in which the two Blocs state clearly the frontiers beyond which intervention would involve war. An agreement to go our separate ways would certainly be preferable to empty forms of co-operation involving constant friction.

In an agreement to disagree there would have to be some "hands off" bargains—over Iran, Turkey and Greece, for instance. Moreover, in Central Europe the process of disentanglement would not be altogether easy. For example, there is the problem of quadripartite control in Berlin. Its meetings, now that co-operation has been transformed into a cold war, provide nothing but a sounding board for belligerent propaganda. Would it not be more sensible to wind up the hypocrisy of joint rule and to get down to the job of organising Western and Eastern Germany respectively on democratic and Communist lines? True, it would mean for us the serious disadvantage of seeing Berlin become the capital of Russian Germany; and safeguards would have to be secured for those Germans who have co-operated with the Anglo-American branches of the Control Council. But it is arguable that an "arranged" evacuation of Berlin by the Western Powers would be preferable to allowing relations there to deteriorate to the point at which the Westerners find their position made untenable. With authority centralised in Frankfurt, we could carry through not merely the currency reform without which German revival is impossible, but also the integration of Western Germany politically as well as economically into the Western Union. No less important, the two separated zones might then begin to talk business.

We believe that if the Big Three met, not with the pretence of resuming friendship but with the frank admission that their aim was an agreement to disagree on the basis of the *status quo*, a great deal which is of mutual benefit could be achieved. At least the war hysteria would be reduced and with it the danger of an immediate war which both sides fear and neither believes it can win.

Strings to E.R.P.

The European Recovery Programme has moved through the House of Representatives with unexpected speed, but not without certain very important amendments. E.R.P., as such, has ceased to hold the American public's attention, because the issue of conscription is so much more important in the ordinary life of the ordinary voter, and because, while no one is sure what will be enacted, no one doubts that E.R.P. in some form will soon be on the statute book. James Forrestal, the Secretary of Defence, has tried to get what he wants—both in the way of man-power through the draft and of striking power through a greatly increased air force—by means of frankly discussing America's potential in a war with Russia. This has so completely fastened public attention on the military element in the struggle for Europe that the moral ideal of a revival of working democracy, and the economic aim of a self-supporting Europe, seem to have been forgotten. The House is treating E.R.P. as a military holding operation, in which there is nothing incongruous in the amendment moved by Representative Vorys, and passed by 149 votes to 52, extending E.R.P. to Franco Spain if the Sixteen Nations are agreeable. Another House amendment would make it impossible for any nation receiving American aid to send any goods into Eastern Europe of the types which are embargoed by America; this would include machinery of key types. Congressmen, who have not forgotten the result of exporting oil and scrap to Japan, tend to regard this as the simplest common sense in a strategic design to reduce Russian power. But such a proposal entirely overlooks the basis of the Paris Report of the Sixteen Nations, which indicated that, with American help estimated at a somewhat higher figure than is currently expected, Western Europe could only become self-supporting by considerably increasing her trade with Eastern Europe. If this amendment were to pass into law, the practical consequences would be catastrophic. It would mean that Britain, for instance, would have to cancel the Wilson agreement with Russia, and do so under direct and public American orders. It would also mean that by 1951, after four years of American aid, Western Europe would still be a very long way from independence of further dollar aid. The Administration, it is believed, recognises the gravity of the situation, and relies on Senator Vandenberg to cut out the amendment during the Senate-House conference. This will be a very serious test of his statesmanship, since it is most doubtful whether he will find any real public support in the U.S.A. for such action. In these circumstances the onus is on the British Government as chief spokesman for the European Economic Conference. We trust that the Cabinet will lose no time in making it abundantly clear in Washington, first, that the inclusion of Franco among the recipients of American aid would destroy, at one blow, the whole conception of Western Union as a democratic Bloc morally entitled to oppose to Communism its "middle way" of life; and, secondly, that adoption of the economic "strings" voted for by the House would raise here, in the sharpest form, the question whether aid on such terms would be worth accepting.

The Conference at Bogota

The ninth International Conference of American States, which began this week at Bogota, is likely to be the occasion for hard bargaining which will tax fully Mr. Secretary Marshall's powers of diplomacy. The State Department is undoubtedly anxious that the Rio mutual defence agreement shall take practical shape in the formation of an inter-American defence council. To this plan, as such, the Latin-American Republics would be unlikely to offer any serious objection; but their assent seems likely to be conditional on assurances that the present wide extension of the Truman Doctrine in Europe and Asia is not going to rebound to the disadvantage of Washington's clients in the Western Hemisphere. Although there are strong nationalist tendencies in South America, and plenty of voices ready to inveigh against *Yanqui* imperialism in the economic field, the Republics in the Latin group stand in need both of dollars and, still more, of American steel and machinery to carry out their present plans of industrial development. Not unnaturally, therefore, many delegates at Bogota will show a marked lack of enthusiasm for the European Recovery Programme; and this may take the form of opposing the State Department's proposals for hemispherical defence unless Latin America gets some positive return. One move may be to invoke the Monroe Doctrine and demand Washington's support for the liquidation of such European colonies as British Honduras, British Guiana and the Falkland Islands. Mr. Marshall seems unlikely to respond favourably to suggestions for action on such embarrassing lines: there are too many chestnuts in the American fire for whose extraction British fingers are convenient. But, if nationalist sentiment in Guatemala, Venezuela, Chile and the Argentine is thus to be rebuffed, the Republics will probably have to be given firm promises that they will retain a high place in the queue for dollars.

War in Palestine

The successful attacks on Jewish convoys show the folly of the Jewish Agency in under-rating Arab military strength and pooh-poohing the suggestion that an International Police Force would be necessary to enforce Partition. But they also expose the hollowness of Mr. Bevin's claim that he can maintain law and order in Palestine until May 15. Despite the presence of large numbers of British troops and police, the Jewish population in Jerusalem is now living under a tightening Arab blockade. In the absence of British intervention, this can be easily made effective, since all convoys from Tel-Aviv to Jerusalem must pass through the mountainous defiles of what, under the Partition plan, would be part of the Arab State. Similarly, the Jewish settlements scattered in the predominantly Arab area of Hebron are now cut off from communication with the outside world. What is taking place is a *de facto* partition of the country, in the course of which the Arabs are being permitted to receive large-scale assistance in men and material from across the land frontiers, while the Jewish sea routes are still blockaded by the British Navy, Army and Air Force. Jewish defeats under these circumstances should not be taken as proof that after May 15, when large-scale reinforcements will arrive from the Displaced Persons' camps, the Jews will easily be pushed into the sea. If the two sides are permitted to fight it out, the Jews should be able to hold most of the coastal plain and the Emek, though many of the areas granted to them under Partition would have to be surrendered. But will it come to open war? The American appeal for a truce seems only slightly less disingenuous than their previous proposal to transform the mandate into a trusteeship. The Jews will only agree on the basis of Partition, and the Arabs only if Partition is revoked. Nor is it to be expected that Mr. Bevin would reverse his decision to withdraw all British personnel unless the Americans were prepared to shoulder not only the cost of a continued occupation of the country but also at least half of the military man-power burden. They are unlikely to do this. No special meeting of the Assembly can alter these awkward facts.

New Move on Viet-Nam

French efforts both on the political and the military field continue their record of failure. The Viet-Nam forces repulsed heavy attacks during January and February in the wide stretch of the Plaine des Joncs, and followed up these victories by a series of attacks on French convoys travelling from Saigon to Dalat, and on others to the South-West of Saigon. French political efforts to use the ex-Emperor Bao-Dai have been equally unsuccessful. No French offer, however attractive, could be guaranteed, since the French did not control events in Indo-China, and, on the other hand, no promise on Bao-Dai's part could be guaranteed since he had no real following in his country. President Ho Chi Minh still holds the reins of power, and has the support of the people. Bao-Dai therefore seems to have decided on a new line of action. He is challenging Ho Chi Minh on the grounds of the failure of the Viet-Nam party to keep the promises made to him when he abdicated the throne in March, 1945. He claims to be in full possession of his rights as Emperor, and at the same time puts forward the fantastic claim that he has the right to form a Central Government with the former Prime Minister of Annam at its head. This is playboy politics. No move on either side can hope to succeed until the central factor is recognised, namely, that Ho Chi Minh is to-day the only effective guarantor of any agreement.

Communists in the Civil Service

The fears that the Government's recent announcement of steps to be taken against Communists and Fascists in security positions in the Civil Service might degenerate into a "witch-hunt" have been at least temporarily dispelled by the Premier's reasoned speech in the House last Thursday. Some Members had asked for an Appeal Tribunal. This, as Mr. W. J. Brown pointed out, would have had the result of removing the Minister concerned from effective Parliamentary control by allowing him to shelter behind the Tribunal's decisions, which would necessarily have been final. Mr. Attlee proposed a more satisfactory arrangement. Instead of a Tribunal there will be an advisory committee, composed of three distinguished ex-Civil Servants, to make recommendations to the Minister after sifting all the evidence and hearing anything that the suspect himself may have to say. This leaves the Minister open to challenge in the House and also ensures a uniformity of procedure throughout the Civil Service, as well as affording some protection to the suspect. The Prime Minister also reaffirmed that the decision against a suspect in no way rests with the security authorities who lay the original information, but with the Minister. No new powers have been assumed by the Government, and the new methods of dealing with the difficult question of "loyalty" are now seen to be an improvement on the old. Although the wisdom may still be doubted of making public a procedure long carried out behind closed doors, and so adding to a tendency towards hysteria about Communists, it has at least brought about a welcome clarification and overhaul of the machinery used. It would, of course, be folly for any Government to allow Civil Servants whose reliability cannot be guaranteed to be in possession of information vital to the defence of the country. It is no crime against democracy to see that they are transferred to posts where problems of security are not involved. Nor can the Government be blamed if, in exceptional cases, the qualifications of the individuals concerned do not permit of alternative employment. Such a situation militates as much against the well-meaning but inveterate gossip as it does against the staunch member of the Communist Party.

Co-op Congress

The debates and voting on political resolutions at annual conferences of the Co-operative Party are always interesting in as much as they reflect a very wide cross-section of lower-middle and working-class opinion. At its Easter Conference this year the Co-operators gave short shrift to a resolution declaring that the Government's attitude to Communists in the Civil Service was "a violation of democratic conditions." The rejection of the resolution by a majority of ten to one indicates that the Co-operators' movement has no doubts about its own loyalty to the Government, but has some doubts about that of the Communists to the State. When the question of Greece was raised, there was a large majority for a resolution demanding a reversal of the Government's policy of support for the reactionary regime in Athens; in vain did Mr. Alexander defend Mr. Bevin's attitude. Yet, when a resolution was moved calling for accelerated demobilisation of skilled men needed for domestic industry, the plea of Mr. Alexander that the Government must take "all necessary steps to maintain reasonable security" was endorsed by a small majority. The conclusion would seem to be that co-operators are not disposed to see Britain stripping herself of her defences or paying no attention to the possibility of betrayal from within, but that, on Greece, the Government's policy is resented in quarters far removed from King Street.

WAGES, PRICES, PROFITS

It was almost a foregone conclusion that the special conference of Trade Union Executives which met just before Easter would accept the memorandum laid before it by the General Council as a response to the Government's White Paper. The significant thing was rather the size of the hostile minority than the endorsement of the General Council's line. The memorandum itself was by no means an unqualified endorsement of the White Paper, which was itself a somewhat ambiguous document; and, before the trade unions registered their qualified blessing of the official attitude, the Minister of Labour had tactfully withdrawn the circular in which he had in effect called on arbitration boards and wages councils to make their awards with the principles of the White Paper well in mind. This circular had been widely resented as an attempt to put restraints on the processes of collective bargaining and to limit the free discretion of supposedly impartial arbitrators; and Mr. Isaacs saw the wisdom of taking it back sooner than risk an adverse decision on the wider issues.

Where does the wages question stand now, after the conference has declared its line? Pretty much where it stood before. There has been no promise to withdraw existing wage applications, or even not to make new ones: at most, there has been an undertaking by the trade union leadership to do what it can to keep future claims within the limits laid down in the General Council's interpretation of the White Paper—and even this is in no way obligatory on any particular trade union. Neither the General Council nor the conference has any power to bind the constituent unions, which are sovereign bodies. The conference's endorsement is only a recommendation, carrying considerable moral force.

If it is accepted, new wage demands, besides those already put forward, can still be made on at least three grounds—for the purpose of increasing output, or where the existing wages are unduly low, or for the purpose of attracting additional workers into industries that are undermanned. Evidently, these exceptions open up very wide avenues, especially as there neither is nor can easily be any definition of what constitutes unduly low payment. Relative wage levels have never rested on any rational principle: they have depended on a mixture of historical influences, contemporary supply and demand conditions, and bargaining strength and skill on both sides. To-day, the traditional pattern has been exceptionally disturbed by war, and the traditional methods of adjustment cannot work freely because of controls and the virtual suspension of the strike or lock-out as a final court of appeal. In consequence of these conditions, there is no established relativity, based on either justice or power; and there is no good reason why any worker should regard the wage he gets as objectively settled by rules which he ought to respect. In face of this unsettling situation, the trade union leaders have been doing their best to exercise and to counsel restraint in wage demands, because they have clearly realised that the prevalent shortage of goods leaves little to be got out of the pool. Higher money wages all round, they are well aware, could only mean inflation.

But the trade union leaders and the members to whom they advise restraint are also fully aware that the existing situation is highly favourable both to excessive profit-making and to waste, and that only a tight control by the Government can prevent prices and margins from getting out of hand. On that ground, some trade unionists would have preferred to wait until after the Budget before making any pronouncement at all—thus in effect telling Sir Stafford Cripps that trade union wage policy will depend on what he does to keep profits and prices in check. In fact, this is what will determine trade union policy, by settling the actual meaning that will be put on the exceptions to the wages standstill; but to defer decision until after the Budget would have made it more difficult for the Government to deal strongly with the capitalist classes. Trade union acceptance of the White Paper, however qualified, does fortify Sir Stafford Cripps in any action he may be meaning to take at the expense of profiteering producers, or middlemen, or retail dealers. It is to be hoped that Sir Stafford has up his sleeve measures which will put real meaning into the trade unions' acceptance, and enable the trade union leaders to reassure their members that they are getting a square deal.

Of course, the fundamental difficulty of the situation lies in the abnormally wide spread of costs in industry to-day. Until re-equipment has been carried out on a very extensive scale, this evil cannot be cured; and it is bound to mean that a price which is barely enough to cover costs for a firm working with out-of-date plant will yield a very high profit to the more efficient firms. The less efficient cannot be shut down, except where total capacity is redundant: their products are needed until they can be replaced. Accordingly, the only ways of dealing with high profits for the time being are to tax them heavily, and, if this is not enough, to limit distribution of dividends and to control the use to be made of reserves. Naturally, where existing prices are so high as to allow a large margin even to the less efficient firms, or where there are means of cutting costs without reducing supplies, direct action can, and should, be taken to reduce permitted prices. There is considerable room for this in the case of retail, and probably in many branches of wholesale, distribution: there is less room for it in most branches of production until fresh plant and buildings can be procured.

That is why the distributors have shown much more alarm and hostility than the big manufacturers, and have expressed so keen an annoyance at the lead given by the Co-operative Movement in cutting prices at both the wholesale and the retail stage. In general, throughout the war, the distributors were treated with remarkable kindness, above all by Lord Woolton at the Ministry of Food. They were allowed a good margin between buying and selling prices, despite the large economies which accrued to them from a diminished need to hold stocks and from a sharply accelerated rate of turnover. Even if their total turnover fell off—which it did in some trades but not in others—the changed conditions left them with greatly increased profits. Every tax officer knows this; and, of course, the Treasury knows it. In distribution, if not in most branches of manufacture, there is plenty of room for price-cutting so as to leave the trader at least as good a real income as he enjoyed pre-war.

Needless to say, any attempt to cut distributive margins is certain to lead to a prodigious amount of squealing. The traders are a very vocal group, and regard the great advances they have achieved in both income and security during the past decade as no more than they are well entitled to. They will protest at the tops of their voices; and their anger will be increased by the suspicion that the hated "Co-ops" are being used against them. Almost every private retailer regards the Co-operative Movement, even apart from its action in the present emergency, as an "unfair" competitor, simply because it is carried on for mutual service and not for profit; and the fact that Co-operators can afford to reduce prices at the expense of "dividends" on purchases is regarded as giving them an "unfair" advantage, though in truth reductions made in this way are paid for by the consumers themselves. The Government, if it is to satisfy the trade unions and to make any effective impression on retail prices, will have to harden its heart against the clamour of the small traders; but it will also have to make sure that the wholesalers are squeezed fully as much as the retailers, in order to have a conclusive answer to the charge of unjust discrimination.

At the back of the whole question lies, of course, a very big issue. The advent of a Socialist Government, if it means anything of high social significance, means a change of class-structure involving considerable revaluations of the relative claims of different groups and classes to shares in the social product. It means, not only that the rich must become a great deal less rich and the poor a good deal less poor, but also that a great many pretensions to social superiority over the manual workers of groups which regard themselves as "middle-class" must be given up. It means a levelling-up from the bottom, corresponding to the approach of equality in the educational system. Already, the net incomes of many of the salaried classes have been subjected, through taxation as well as directly, to a marked downward readjustment; but the profit-making middle classes, far from taking a similar knock, have in many cases improved their relative as well as their absolute position. If wages are to be stabilised in order to check inflation, these fortunately placed groups can no longer be allowed to get away with a surplus which is the concomitant of an undue rise in middlemen's margins.

This month's Budget White Paper will presumably reveal in broad terms how the national income was distributed in 1947 between the various factors of production. Till it appears, the figures for 1946 have to be used. In that year wages, salaries and service pay, taken together, had risen by 79 per cent. above the total of 1938. Rent, interest and profits, taken together, had risen by 69 per cent.; but interest and profits together, without rent, had risen by 85 per cent. Salaries alone had risen by only 51 per cent. On these figures there was clearly room, for a Government actuated by Socialist principles, to have a cut at profits; and it is to be hoped that this is what Sir Stafford Cripps has in mind. If not, the trade unions' endorsement of the White Paper cannot be expected to have more than the most evanescent effect, and the exceptions for which it allows will speedily become the operative part of trade union policy, even if trade union leaders do their best to urge restraint.

MUSLIMS AND CHRISTIANS

Why is it, I have often asked myself, that Englishmen find themselves so much at home in the Muslim world? Why do British officers and officials in the Middle East espouse so zealously the Arab cause, and, in Pakistan, why do they become more pro-Pakistan than the Pakistani?

Several reasons occur to me. The first is religious. The religion of the British officer and the British official is not Christianity, but the very different religion of the public school and of Stalky and Co. The religion of Christ has never been the religion of the Western world. It belongs to the East, and its most important modern exponent has been Gandhi. No religion could be more alien to Western civilisation than Christianity. Like Buddhism, it is a system of self-culture which tells us to seek spiritual good at the expense of physical satisfaction. Western society is based on advertisements and the artificial stimulation of appetites. Christianity is another-worldly religion which bids us pay no heed to the morrow and not to lay up for ourselves treasure on earth. The West has never accepted this wild precept. We believe in material progress here on earth; we like to have a tidy sum in the bank and leave some of it behind us when we die. As for the example of the lilies of the field, we do quite a lot of toiling and complain of the shortage of spinners, especially in Lancashire. Christianity again is a catholic faith. Jesus expects us to love all our neighbours, Samaritans, Jews, Negroes, Germans and Russians. In Him there are neither bond nor free; the scope of mercy, forgiveness and love is unlimited and universal. The duty of the Christian, if he is struck on one cheek, is to turn the other; to return good for evil, and to rejoice if, like the prophets, he is persecuted and despitefully used. To the English this is sissy, pacifist talk, suitable for Sundays, but applicable neither to national affairs nor to the work-a-day world. During the week the Englishman is brought up to believe that his country and Empire are better than other people's and that he should defend them against all comers. As for turning the other cheek, the right reply, as every Englishman knows, to any insult or blow is a good straight left to the jaw.

In the religion of Islam, the Englishman finds exactly what he has been taught to respect. Above all, he finds the Muslim "every inch a man." Muslims are brave, disciplined and fine fighters who don't examine too narrowly the subtleties of their quarrel. They are intelligent rather than intellectual—which again exactly suits the British. Islam preaches no impracticable, gentle benevolence to the whole human race; Muslims are ready to stand up for themselves; they regard their own faith as superior to other people's. Like the English, they are generous. Their hospitality is proverbial. They recognise a general duty of neighbourly conduct. But as practical people they know how to distinguish between believers and infidels, or, as we should say, between those who belong to the right clubs and the "lesser breed without the law." Their religion is intelligible. It recognises, as the British think religion should, one God who expects prayers at stated intervals, who can be understood without a lot of metaphysics, who never asks for the impossible. What He asks for is adherence to a code of decency which is what most British people assume religion to be. It expects a man to do a day's work, to be a good sort, to make what he can when the going's good, and to retire when he no longer needs to work, taking, as he goes, such pleasures as he finds, always within the limits of moderation and common sense. As for sex, the rule is the strictest chastity for women and a rather less exacting code for men. Nothing could be more suitable.

So the Englishman easily finds himself at home in a Muslim country, and many British residents in Muslim countries actually adopt the religion of Islam. They can make nothing of Buddhism, which seems to be a gloomy sort of religion, professed, oddly enough, by the happiest of peoples; they care even less for Hinduism, which appears to the English to be partly idolatry, blatantly indecent in its art, and, like the Christianity which we have never heeded, suffused with mystical talk about the next world or the next incarnation, leading to resignation and pacifism, not to say to dirt and metaphysics. Give us, they say, the upstanding, fighting Muslim.

The English are also pro-Muslim for what we may call geo-politik reasons. It is obvious to any English officer that Hindus, Jews and Bolsheviks must be lumped together as awkward, dangerous, ideological people who don't fit in with the Anglo-Saxon conception of what the world should be like. That benevolent Providence, which commanded that Britannia should rule the waves, also decreed that these three troublesome sections of humanity should be kept apart by a large stretch of country, mainly desert, which is inhabited by people of the Muslim faith. It fills the gap between Hindus and the Soviet Union; it isolates the socialistic and alarmingly progressive Jewish Home in Palestine. Providentially too, Muslims and oil are commonly found together; and, where there is oil, there are always Americans. So self-evident is the juxtaposition of Muslims and oil that intensive search is now going on for new wells in Pakistan and Baluchistan. What shall it profit an Empire if it wins a whole sub-continent and has not oil?

Providence has also arranged that Muslims who live in arid areas should not be militarily powerful people unless we supply them with arms. They have proved good fighters under British leadership, and are much easier to discipline and much less given to ideas than Hindus or Jews. Hence the larger proportion of British officers who have opted for the Pakistan than for the Hindu army; hence the strongly pro-Arab, pro-Pakistan attitude of British officialdom; hence the American penetration of Afghanistan and Persia, where the Muslim world bears most effectively upon Russian territory. Add to all this that the British in India have for years been fighting Congress, and that some British officers feel that they are getting their own back both on the Hindus and the Labour Government in helping to organise the armies of Pakistan. It all ties up neatly with Palestine, Arabs and oil, since Jinnah aims at leadership of the Middle East and the whole Muslim world.

History and observation both suggest the Anglo-Saxon world may be overlooking some essential factors. Islam will not fail to use its opportunity for its own advantage, and it is by no means certain that it will see its own advantage in aiding the plans of America and Britain. There is no part of the world in which some parts of Soviet propaganda are more obviously justified. Nowhere is the appeal to the underdog more justified; nowhere is it more clear that, as an intelligentsia appears—it is beginning to emerge in Pakistan—it will be "Left," anti-Western and anti-Imperialist. Those who are dubious should study the *Times of Pakistan* of Lahore.

Pakistan is very much a feudal state of big landlords and poor peasants. It lacks a middle class, is short of trained administrators, and is perplexed by an immense border population of tribesmen, who cannot live without loot or subsidies, and whose ready response to the cry of "Islam in danger" is always apt to be embarrassing. Persia and Egypt vie with one another for the prize, which no one will give, to the state which has the largest proportion of abysmally poor peasants ruled by a small number of corrupt, irresponsible, gambling and luxury-living rich people. It is in such backward areas and not, as Karl Marx imagined, in the industrialised West, that Communism finds its readiest response. The alternative to Communism in such areas is not the acceptance of American domination, which only appeals to the obese top layer, but the emergence of a fanatical religious nationalism which will be against everything which is non-Muslim, including Britain and America.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

RED RUMANIA

IN Rumania the Communists have taken power, and a revolution, almost unheralded and quite unsung, is well on the way to completion. This time it is a revolution, and not the change of uniforms, slogans and rackets that the Rumanian people are well used to. The wheel has come full circle, and those who were in jail now exercise undisputed power in the Cabinet offices, while the Bucharest middle class—business men, bankers, merchants, speculators, and politicians—who lived between Café Nestor, Capsa and the *garçonnière* where they kept the mistress, now walk round (as a friend said to me) "with twenty-five years hard labour in our pockets."

The slogan on every hoarding is "Work and Struggle." Work means productive work, and "productive" is narrowly interpreted; struggle means struggle against the "old reactionary bourgeois element," and against the "decadent warmongers of Western civilisation." Anyone who will not or cannot work will soon starve, because the stabilisation impounded nine-tenths of private capital, and the new taxation laws will extract much of what is left. Anyone who prefers the so-called "liberal bourgeois" life of the West to the proletarian rigour of the East will have an uncomfortable life at best in the new Rumania.

The time is past for speculation about Maniu, or Michael, or Rumania's capacity to preserve parliamentary democracy. In the last three years of revolution only five people have been executed; but the State machine has been taken over by the Communists, the One-Party System (through the amalgamation of the Communist Party and other workers' groups into a Marxist-Leninist United Workers' Party) has been established, and galloping inflation has been cured by drastic medicine. In March and April, 1947, the printing presses ran off three-quarters of the national expenditure; the noughts snapped on to the end of prices as in a cartoon film, and the Coalition Government (Groza, Pauker, Tatarescu) prepared for the stabilisation of August 15th, a stabilisation on the Varga model, which wiped out hoarded currency by blocking—or as is generally believed, confiscating—nine-tenths of all capital.

The Government issued to each citizen the equivalent of 8*s.* 4*d.* only in the new currency, and left him to make do as best he could till the end of the month. The peasant, robbed of his savings, stayed resentfully on his land, so no food came into the cities; the townsfolk had to walk out into the countryside (as the Hamburg workers travel to the Schleswig-Holstein farmers) to try by barter for enough food to feed their families. Trams and buses (at 3½*d.* a ride) were empty, and cinemas were glad to let in six for the price of one. The well-to-do, that is, those who had possessions to barter, queued from 2 a.m. till dawn in the hope of picking up something nourishing.

At the beginning of September wages were paid in the new currency, but the Government did not immediately enact fixed prices. There was no longer a financial standard. Cash was scarce. Everyone was eager to sell goods to get money to buy food, which is to the Rumanian what whisky is to the Englishman abroad, or beer and cigarettes to the worker at home. So out came stocks hoarded by merchants since before the war, and Harris tweeds, French scents, Persian silks, tinned pineapples, and so on, came on to the market dirt cheap. For two or three days there was a wild rush to buy; then, no one had any money left—except the Government. So the Government bought all the consumer goods it could lay hands on, and stocked up for the grandiose State luxury shops which have been established in Bucharest in the last few months. Their proceeds go to the municipality to finance repair work on the long-neglected public services.

After a few weeks the Government fixed prices. Except for a few essentials, including bread, potatoes, travel and newspapers, the prices were astronomical, especially for imported consumer goods. Food prices, too, were sky high. I checked up on what you had to pay for geese, eggs and butter. Before stabilisation the housewife paid for a goose 3,000,000 lei: immediately afterwards, 70 lei, or 2*s.* 4*d.*! This absurd figure reflected a temporary "Wonderland" economy in which there was no ready cash beyond one month's wages. After the official price lists had been issued, a goose cost 1,400 lei, or £2 6*s.* 8*d.*; and, when I left Rumania in mid-February, it had come down to 800 lei, or £1 6*s.* 8*d.* From day to day the price was falling, partly by a natural process of adjustment to increased supplies as more peasants came again to sell in the city markets, and partly through bulk buying and selling in the new State markets by the Bucharest municipality. Eggs, which could be bought in the "Wonderland" phase for 1*d.* each, went up to several shillings each under price-fixing, but were down to 4*d.* each when I left. Butter jumped from 2*s.* 8*d.* a kilo to £2, but was back to £1, and falling steadily.

The measures have been simple and drastic. The cost to capital has been heavy, but the middle class still has reserves and, until the Abdication, the Foreign Office, Customs officials, and the police did their usual brisk business in passports, exit visas, and large-scale valuta "fiddles" on the Black Bourse, the end of which was always a nest-egg abroad. It was to stop this mass export of capital that Anna Pauker acted so ruthlessly on taking power. She forbade the granting of exit visas, and expelled from the Foreign Office every old-regime official, from Ambassador to cleaner. She was motivated not only by moral or ideological considerations but by the need to dam the drain on the country's currency resources. People more crooked than many diplomats, and more " unreliable " than Tatarescu and his nominees, still work in industry and some Government offices; but only a 100 per cent. change in personnel concerned with external affairs could break the old Rumanian habit of bribing a path for smuggling out the foreign currency obtained on the black market.

This purge—it is important to realise—is fully understood, though regretted, by the middle class. Many of my Rumanian friends despair because they cannot now bribe their way to an exit visa (and so to the possibility of smuggling out gold and valuables), but none denies the commonsense of the measure. In Rumania baksheesh was not a furtive act—it was a way of life; just as, in business, book-keeping was confused with bookmaking. Politics and public service were means to riches that, when they were not displayed on the walls of living rooms or on the backs of wives and mistresses were salted away in strong boxes in New York, London or Geneva.

The attack on the middle class, however, may turn out to be too extreme to be profitable. Unlike Hungary, Rumania has taken a narrow interpretation of the Marxist principles—" He who does not work shall not eat "; and " He who is not for us is against us." This narrow interpretation bars many able technicians, while letting in crooks and opportunists. Many decent Rumanian intellectuals and technicians say: " If we'd compromise and join the Party we would be in work; but we aren't Communists and we won't pretend to be, so we're out. Meanwhile people without scruples have jumped in and are doing well, no matter how black their past records." I asked high officials whether they accepted this accusation. Their reply was (I quote): " Look! Ninety-nine per cent. of the Rumanian middle class have accepted enthusiastically at least eight different dictatorial regimes in the last ten years. They have no political or personal principles, and we couldn't possibly run the country with only the few old-guard Communists, even when you have added to them reliable workers, and intellectuals from the Resistance. We are therefore obliged to use some former crooks. We see they work hard and keep their hands off public money. If they do that, we accept them, without enthusiasm, but because the work has to be got through; and we keep a strict eye on them to see that they serve the people." If they don't, they're jailed, without the option. British officials in Bucharest say that the prisons are full, but it is cant to suggest (as some of them do) that there is less freedom to-day than before the war, when assassination, and torture were normal political weapons, and when Jews and other minority peoples were in danger of politician-made violence. As for the press, it's not as free as ours, but it's a deal healthier than in the old days of sycophancy and blackmail.

But, for me, the most convincing proof of the improved situation in Rumania—judged, be it understood, on the basis of what life was like in Rumania before the war, and not on what life is in highly industrialised countries in the West—is the trade unions. Trade union activity was a crime, and any worker who dared organise to improve his squalid conditions was shot down or jailed. To-day millions of workers are organised (on a factory, not on an industrial basis) in trade unions, which have already secured overtime payment, piece-work rates, time off before and after babies, and industrial canteens through collective contracts. Moreover, they have set up at least nine workers' theatres, rather more musical conservatoires, and many special schools, and, together with the Democratic Women's Federation, provide the principal means for overcoming illiteracy.

R. D. SMITH

A LONDON DIARY

At Geneva, Hector McNeil, once himself a journalist, made a noble plea for the great tradition of press freedom. Democracy has no meaning unless the public has access to the facts. As usual, the conference seems to be turning into a battle between East and West, with the Eastern Powers arguing that the freedom of the press in the West is phoney, and Mr. McNeil retorting that people who believe in a totalitarian press are in no position to throw stones. Unfortunately, both parties to the dispute are right. There is no right to publish the truth East of the iron curtain. In America, on the other hand, the right exists, but is narrowly restricted. People in this country, where our press only "tends towards monopoly," have as little knowledge as most people in the United States itself of the degree to which the American press and radio is under the absolute control of a handful of big proprietors and their business associates. Many of the facts were revealed by Upton Sinclair twenty-five years ago in the *Brass Check*, and there have been more recent exposures, notably that of Maurice Ernst, who showed, incidentally, that there are now many great cities in America where every independent paper has been killed, and where the sole source of public misinformation is a single chain newspaper owned by the Scripps-Howard or one of the other combines. I have been reading a book called *One Thousand Americans* by George Seldes (Boni and Gaer, New York, $3). As an exposure the book is the more effective because a large part of it consists of quotations or summaries of the official findings of senatorial inquiries which have revealed how great projects like the St. Lawrence waterway have been defeated by a small number of big business men who are, over a very wide field, the real government of America. The official documents constitute an outspoken and damning indictment. On their showing, with chapter and verse given, Mr. Seldes calculates that about one thousand big business men control American policy. I know something of these men; many of them care no more for liberty and have no more scruples of conscience in the struggle for power than those who give orders from the Kremlin. And why does this state of affairs exist in America? Why do neither Americans nor we know anything of these devastating official reports? Because the thousand Americans, directly or indirectly, control almost all the press and most of the radio time in the United States.

* * *

In the light of these facts I do not in the least repent of having called the attention of the Royal Commission on the press to the advantages of the post-war Czech method of making newspapers into "public concerns," by allowing only authorised groups, political parties and cultural bodies to run newspapers. A correspondent ironically asks me whether, in view of what has recently happened in Czechoslovakia, I still think there is anything to say for this example of the "middle way." Why not? I deplore that Communist fanaticism has destroyed a hopeful experiment. But the question is founded on a foolish illogicality. If the Communists wished to destroy the freedom of the press in Czechoslovakia, they would have done so whoever controlled it.

* * *

Some of these thousand Americans are quite outspokenly Fascist in private conversion. They were only stopped from launching a "preventive war" two years ago by their discovery that no war against the Soviet Union can be preventive—to drop atom bombs on Russia would merely start a world war. Mr. Seldes recalls, again citing official documents, that some of them actually planned Fascist *coups* in America a few years ago. If they are not making such plans to-day—and presumably some of them are—it is because their control over the organs of propaganda (reinforced by Soviet policy) has made it unnecessary openly to flout the American Constitution. After all, it is good propaganda to be able to claim that democracy is on the side of big business, and their power is not endangered by the appearance of a few critical weeklies like the *New Republic* and the *Nation*. Sometimes they suffer a minor reverse, as, for instance, when recently Philip Murray and the C.I.O. deliberately flouted the section of the Taft-Hartley Act which denied Trade Unions the right to spend any money at elections for federal offices. A special edition of the C.I.O. *News*, supporting the Democratic candidate, was circulated at a Baltimore by-election. When Murray and the C.I.O. were indicted, they urged that the Act was an infringement of the First Amendment, and the judge upheld them, asking how the people were to get information "concerning the views of labouring men and women if the organisation in and through which such persons are united in a common purpose is forbidden to publish any view whatsoever?" If this view is sustained by the Supreme Court, the American Labour movement will have won back at least part of its political freedom, and Mr. George Seldes should add a chapter, so far omitted from his book, pointing out, as a modifying factor, that the Federal Courts in the United States are not at present controlled by the Thousand Americans.

* * *

The I.L.P., long a shadow, has ceased to pretend to exist. Its work has long been done; it has bred great men from Keir Hardie downwards. It was more than any other body the real parent of the Labour Party, though some of its leaders, like MacDonald and Snowden left it for the Labour Party and then betrayed both the parties they had led. It gathered to its ranks many thoughtful workers and much of the Socialist intelligentsia; it represented the heart of the Labour movement, just as the Fabian Society represented its head. But the body of the movement was its trade union membership which was influenced by, but never controlled by, either the I.L.P. or the Fabians. The I.L.P. suffered from sentimentality. A political party must be based on a desire for power. Its tactics must flow from a realistic analysis of the way to achieve power. As a vehicle of propaganda, the I.L.P. has been extremely successful. It voiced the moral revolt against capitalism and imperialism; its Socialism and its social programme have been gradually accepted by the Labour Party. But many I.L.P.-ers made the mistake of thinking that moral revolt and social aspirations were enough to make a political party and they got into the habit of feeling that as far as they were concerned the job was done once their consciences were clear. They could never stomach the compromises involved in power. They were always denouncing "power politics" without realising that the art of politics is the right use of power.

* * *

I am glad to see that Colonel Rees-Williams has himself gone to make inquiries in West Africa. He is a conscientious Minister who proved in Burma that he possesses that blend of sympathy and common sense which is essential for adjusting any national and racial problem. His suggestion in the House of Commons that the troubles in Accra were due to "Communism" was only explicable, I thought, on the ground that he had taken a Colonial Office brief without having studied the facts for himself. My own information from West Africa is that there is practically no Communism there at all. After all, the British fought many Ashanti wars, and there is nothing new in the revival of nationalism amongst peoples whom we conquered in the past. Youth in West Africa shares in the democratic excitement which is surging throughout the whole colonial world. But the immediate trouble seems mainly to have come from demobilised African soldiers who, after fighting very successfully for the Allies, especially in Burma, and receiving British Army rations, good pay, gratuities and marriage allowances, have been returned to the primitive conditions of their home villages and drifted back to the towns, where, at best, they become unemployed. Colonel Rees-Williams will, I hope, make a full investigation. He must, above all, insist on inquiring for himself from the two thousand men who are now said to be behind barbed wire.

* * *

No chances have been taken in appointing the new Editor of *The Times*. Mr. Casey is widely and deservedly popular. He has long experience and has usually deputised for the editor during the absence and illness of Barrington Ward. I should say that he was most at home in the political world during the hopeful period after the First World War when he wrote much for *The Times* on the League of Nations and the politics of Geneva. He is a thoroughly decent old-fashioned internationalist; a cultivated, quiet-voiced man who enjoys literature and drama—to which he has contributed—rather than the risks and intrigues and insincerities of public life. This means that to-day he is a Conservative who talks, as many of the more likeable Conservatives do, in the language of Liberalism. I should not expect *The Times* to run risks under his guidance. I should expect it to maintain its generally high standard of reporting and, in outlook, to accept, without any fierce resistance, the guidance of the Foreign Office.

* * *

There's this to be said for lumbago—you're not the only one that's had it. Edging along like an aged and decrepit crab, you excite as much pity as ridicule. "Hope you've not got it as bad as I did," they say. "Why, I couldn't stir a step, not to get my foot on the ground I couldn't. . . ." Mr. Park, as usual, has his own remedy to offer. "Oil of juniper's the best thing," he tells me. "Six drops on a lump of sugar—if the Government will give you a lump. Lumbago is most always kidneys and there's nothing like oil of juniper for kidneys." The garage man recommended salts, but held, all in all, that sciatica was worse. According to the doctor, it's all your own fault, because if you touch your toes and rub the small of your back every morning you never get it. But the most illuminating of commentators was a friend who worked himself up in the ranks in the 1914 war and returned to the Army as an officer in 1939. "I've had a lot of it in my time," he said. "If you're a private they call it 'pain in the back.' When you're an N.C.O. you have lumbago. In civvies you suffer from fibrositis. But an officer goes down with myalgia." Clearly a good democratic malady, if that's any comfort.

Critic

ENLIGHTENED SELF INTEREST

In Italy elections loom,
Dovecotes of democrats are fluttered,
But do they herald freedom's doom?
In Italy, we may presume
They know which side their bread is buttered.

In both the European blocs
Dire threats and warnings may be uttered,
But as the wary voter locks
His verdict in the ballot box
He knows which side his bread is buttered.

In Western States, where one by one,
The lamps of freedom sank and guttered,
They turn towards the Western sun,
The golden warmth of Washington—
They know which side their bread is buttered.

The Eastern States present a wall
With windows locked and barred and shuttered,
But genial Soviet sunbeams fall
On satellites—and after all
They know which side their bread is buttered.

Between two worlds a void may yawn,
A waste with tattered Treaties cluttered;
Between two worlds a line is drawn—
One half enslaved, one half in pawn—
Both know which side their bread is buttered.

Sagittarius

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Two summonses about a crazy paving made without a licence failed at Jarrow yesterday.

The defence said: "the highest official of the Ministry of Works in Newcastle stated that no licence is needed provided cement is not applied with a trowel but through a water can."—*Daily Express*. (Mrs. G. I. Dobbie.)

——— medical student and member of London Hospital rugby team, admitted at Penzance to-day that while touring the West Country with the team he took a barber's pole from outside a shop and took it to bed with him.—*Evening Standard*. (H. Forsyth.)

The television aerial has become the symbol of social superiority down our street.—*Evening News*. (Elizabeth Quigly.)

Farmers want the Ministry of Agriculture to make form-filling part of the curriculum for their children's extra year at school.—*Sunday Pictorial*. (Miss P. Wilkins.)

"Parks and open spaces in Hampstead and Soviet Union."—Title of Lecture advertised in *New Statesman & Nation*. (R. Mendel.)

Colleague wanted. Every privilege. . . . Live church. Happy sphere. Cemetery. Crematorium. —Advertisement in *Scottish Guardian*. (Susan H. Morrison.)

BROWN PAPER

With the comforting complacency of a family solicitor promising the relatives that he can get a verdict of "suicide while of unsound mind" instead of "felo-de-se," Sir John Anderson has been reassuring us about atomic-bomb precautions. Brown paper, for instance, will protect us against flash-burn; surface-shelters (like the good old Andersons) will be reasonably effective against blast, although, of course, dangers of radiation might require them to be reinforced with heavy concrete or several feet of sandbags; and then there is the problem of radioactive contamination. Now that (Sir John conceded) is a shade more difficult. When would it be safe for the shelterers to emerge into the open and risk the lethal particles of radioactive dust? It might be a matter of hours; it "probably would not be a matter of days"; then, with proper footgear and gloves, they might be able to venture out into the infected area.

This may be laudable nonchalance or British understatement; it may be a bromide to allay Herseyitis and take our minds off Hiroshimo; or it may be designed, perhaps, to "disembarrass" the Foreign Secretary. But coming with an air of responsibility from Sir John Anderson (ex-Minister of Home Security and, until recently, head of the Atomic Advisory Committee) it is irresponsibly callous. As Professor N. F. Mott, the atomic scientist, has said, such precautions might reduce the casualties by as much as fifty per cent., but that would merely mean that an enemy would have to use more bombs. Supposing it would take 50 bombs to knock us out in an unprepared state, it would take 75 with all our precautions.

Some of us whose memories were scarred by the blitz may not be so easily reconciled to being treated as statistical percentages; and, in terms of flesh-and-blood human beings, Anderson's precautions are shockingly cynical. They become sheer mockery when they are related to "City X."

"City X" was what the military call a "paper-exercise." Experts chose a typical American town, the size and industries of which might make it a target for an atomic-bomb attack. They applied to it all the lessons learned from Hiroshimo, Nagasaki and the naval experiment at Bikini Atoll. Substituting London for "City X" we can get a grim idea of the effects of *one atomic bomb*. The bombs so far exploded are usually expressed as the equivalent of 20,000 tons of high-explosive. For the purpose of "City X," Dr. Lapp of the U.S. War Department conservatively estimated that any future bomb would be at least equal to 50,000 tons of H.E.

Out of the noon-day sky, a high-flying aircraft releases a bomb which explodes half a mile above "Point Zero," which, for London, might be Piccadilly Circus. The dazzling flash blinds the people in the streets below and sears them with heat of millions of degrees (Sir John's brown paper would not help them much!). The white-hot ball of highly compressed gas expands into a coloured sphere of flame which rushes downwards towards the earth. Then it becomes a pinkish white atomic cloud which mushrooms over the city blotting out the sun.

Those who were shielded from the direct flash or escaped cremation are crushed by the blast-wave. The blast-wave is followed by a blast-wind which has a speed of about 600 miles an hour, demolishing buildings shattered by the blast. The flash and the fireball have started fires, and the air is sucked in from the surrounding area, like a draught into a furnace. This fire-wind, which was the culminating horror of Hiroshimo (as it was in Hamburg fired by our bombs) sweeps the city for several hours with gale force. No civil defence or fire-fighting measures can cope with the destruction and fire at the centre.

Within a radius of one mile of Point Zero, all buildings are effectively destroyed. Only a few reinforced concrete structures may still be standing like empty husks, mausoleums for their dead. Beyond this zone, to a radius of about three miles, some of the larger well-built structures may survive, with the dead or dying buried in the internal wreckage; but all having large roof spans will have collapsed. All the main-line stations are contorted ruins. St. Pauls and most of the City have collapsed. Perhaps a few modern banks are still physically in being. Beyond this, to about 4½ miles from the centre, all lightly built houses will have been levelled. This applies to Hampstead, Clapham, Hammersmith, Earls Court, Camberwell and the East End of London. The whole of inner suburbia will be in ruins. Homes will be shattered in lesser degree to a radius of 8 miles.

Blast and fire are not the only deadly effects of the bomb. Just as deadly are the radiations, both direct and indirect in the form of gamma rays and in the form of radioactive particles. Much of this deadly dust will be carried skywards in the mushroom, but much may descend long distances away, precipitated by rain. People will die weeks later from radiation effects of which they were not even conscious at the time of the explosion. Within a mile of Piccadilly all will receive a deadly dose of nuclear radiation. The total survivors will be less than one per cent. In the second zone, up to about 3 miles, about 50 per cent will be victims of this invisible power of the atom. Even if they survived direct radiation at the time of the attack, they would have atom sickness from which (says the "City X" report) "some might recover." Outside this zone deaths from primary radiation would be small, but the drift and fall of radioactive materials from the cloud would expose them to secondary radiation. In "City X," with a population of 1,000,000, the casualties were estimated at 100,000, of which 50,000 would be dead. The population for the same (but much more congested) area in London would be over 4,000,000, and the deaths would mount in proportion.

Air Commodore Harvey, in the debate, suggested that air-raid shelters should be kept in good repair but that creepers should be grown over them, to "make them look decent." A friend's comment on that is the proper comment on Anderson: "I have heard of people keeping their coffins under their beds. Now they are going to plant flowers on their own graves."

Ritchie Calder

SECOND-CLASS CITIZENS

There are signs that the political problem of the U.S.A.'s Negro population may shortly become more acute than at any time since the Civil War. On the one hand, a split in the uneasy unity of the Democratic Party is threatened by Southern reactions to the President's Civil Rights programme. This plan, needed to secure progressive support against Mr. Wallace, proposes anti-poll-tax legislation and Federal action for lynching cases. On the other hand, new tendencies and policies are evident among Negro organisations. No longer, it is felt, can the hitherto used broadly non-political and non-party lines, with the support of influential Whites, be relied on to advance the Negro cause.

The National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People (N.A.A.C.P.), half a million strong and with Mrs. Roosevelt on its board, has taken the significant step of preparing a memorandum for the next Assembly of the United Nations. It is entitled "A Statement of the Denial of Human Rights to Minorities in the case of Citizens of Negro Descent in the United States of America and an Appeal to the United Nations for Redress."

Particularly striking is the new, anti-capitalist, tone of this document. It is the social system that is attacked as the enemy, the force depriving thirteen million American citizens of their rights. In Red-bogy-ridden America it needs courage for Dr. Burghardt du Bois, editor of the statement, to write: "It is not Russia that threatens the United States so much as Mississippi: not Stalin . . . but Rankin." As if to confirm this, comes the declaration of the Governor of Mississippi at the Southern Governors' Conference held in February to oppose the Civil Rights programme.

> Militant leadership on the part of Mississippi, the most democratic State in America, will spread like wildfire across the entire South and sweep before it all those who stand as enemies to our institutions and our way of life.

It is instructive to note that in this "most democratic State" only 5,429 votes, out of a population of over a quarter of a million, were needed to send Mr. Rankin to Washington in 1946. His fellow Congressmen from a northern State like Illinois had to secure an average of 137,877 votes.

Few people in Britain realise how greatly the basic democratic principle of voting is disturbed by racial discrimination in U.S.A. It is not only a matter of the poll-tax, still in force in seven States, nor that three out of four Negroes cannot take part in elections. Even more important, it brings democratic processes into contempt among large sections of the White population. How can it be otherwise when, at the 1946 Congressional elections, only 18 per cent. of the electorate went to the polls south of the Mason-Dixon line? Rotten boroughs and party machines based on disfranchised voters may well help to explain the abnormally low national voting percentages in Congressional elections—43 per cent. in 1946, as against 73 per cent. at the 1945 British general election. Moreover, in Presidential elections, nearly a quarter of the electoral college votes represent but a tenth of the actual voters.

The consequent economic and cultural conditions are causing Negro leaders increasingly to associate denial of rights with capitalism itself. Answering the question, "who is interested in this disfranchisement and who gains power by it?" they reply:

> The South . . . is the place where the labour movement has made the least progress. . . . And just because labour is so completely deprived of political and industrial power, investors and monopolists are being attracted there in greater numbers and with more intensive organisation than anywhere else in the United States.

It is further pointed out that big business can more easily control politicians in States where there are only between four and sixteen thousand votes to look after than in the North where up to 150,000 must be persuaded.

Discrimination, however, is not confined to capitalists. A considerable number of A.F. of L. unions and the Railway Brotherhoods either exclude Negroes from membership, relegate them to separate branches or have restrictive agreements with the employers. In 1941, for example, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen entered into an agreement with 21 railroad companies to eliminate coloured firemen from employment.

With an eye on the next slump, the N.A.A.C.P. shows how the Negro worker is the first to be sacked and the last to be re-employed. After the last depression there was a smaller percentage of Negroes working in industry than there had been in 1910. Even in the New Deal years of 1933–39 the percentage of Negro unemployed in the industrial city of Cincinnati only fell below 45 per cent. in one year; among white workers it rose only once above 21 per cent. Nor is the largest employer in the U.S.A., the Federal Government, exempt from discrimination charges. Until the war, at least, the highest paid Negro employee of the State Department in Washington was the Secretary's chauffeur.

Unfortunately, the law courts do not give America's second-class citizens the protection that the written Constitution, with its famous post-Civil-War Amendments, would seem to guarantee. The Supreme Court, whose handsome Washington portal bears the words, "Equal Justice Under the Law," must accept much of the blame. This Court's recent decision, by which a young coloured female student secured legal tuition at the State University of Oklahoma, was in some quarters interpreted as a victory. If so, it was a very partial one, since the Court refused to rule against the segregation originated by itself in the formula "separate but equal." How this works in practice can be demonstrated by the fact that, in 1944, educational expenditure per White pupil in Mississippi was 499 per cent. higher than for Negro children. In Georgia in the same year the average White teacher received $1,123: the Negro teacher's salary was $515.

This "separate but equal" doctrine permits 20 States to have laws compelling racial segregation in public places. Moreover, Negro respect for the law is weakened by the undeniable fact that no single White person has yet been convicted for taking part in a lynching: in the last decade alone there have been nearly fifty cases. Annual attempts for a quarter of a century to enact an anti-lynching Bill have been "talked to death" by Southern senators.

It may be asked why the Federal authority is powerless to guarantee constitutional rights. The answer is that by a Supreme Court decision the constitution only protects rights arising from federal citizenship. For civil rights the citizen must look to his State, and the slogan of "State rights" has hitherto been successfully invoked to deny rights to the States' citizens. The Federal authorities may intervene if Jim Crow has segregated places on the inter-State bus service, but not if the bus is running on internal State routes. State freedom, therefore, leaves unchallenged Article 14 of Mississippi's constitution:

> The marriage of a White person with a Negro or Mulatto, or person who shall have one eighth or more of Negro blood, shall be unlawful and void.

It should be added, lest it be thought that marriages made in heaven may only be unmade in Mississippi, that eight Northern States similarly forbid inter-marriage.

The pattern of statutory segregation extends to the smallest details of life. Three States require separate schools for the deaf, dumb and blind. In Oklahoma, you must use the telephone box appropriate to your colour; in Florida, your White child's school book must be stored apart from those used by your coloured neighbour's children. In Texas, Joe Louis cannot box with a White man. Washington seems powerless, and it is this long failure of the Negroes and their many distinguished and devoted White supporters to secure justice from Court or Congress that has helped the decision to appeal to the wider court of United Nations opinion.

Uno itself has a direct interest in one aspect of discrimination, that of housing. The present statement records that a great insurance concern which is developing a residential area for Uno employees in New York is insisting on reserving the right to discriminate against future residents for reasons of race and colour.

Segregated housing is usually achieved by restrictive covenants preventing the property from passing into the hands of what are usually called "non-Caucasians." It is said that 80 per cent. of Chicago property is subject to such restrictions, while the 20 per cent. of Baltimore's population which is coloured has to live in 2 per cent. of the city's living space. Liberal-minded property owners often find themselves powerless to alter contracts negotiated many years previously. In a Supreme Court case on this question this year two justices, known for their liberal views, had to withdraw because they found that they owned covenanted property. The courts have upheld these covenants on the grounds that they have no right to interfere in private contracts. Eviction orders and injunctions are freely granted against "non-Caucasians," and there is now a case in Michigan in which a Negro husband is debarred by court order from visiting his White wife in their home.

The Appeal to Uno, already circulated to all member nations, is meeting with heavy criticism in certain quarters. The N.A.A.C.P. is accused of "helping Russia." It is also argued that this is a "domestic matter." In reply is quoted the precedent of the Indians in South Africa, and the declared intention of the Charter in "promoting and encouraging respect for human rights and for fundamental freedoms without distinction as to race, sex, language or religion." It may be added that the recently issued U.S. draft Declaration of Human Rights gives to everyone "the freedom to petition his government and the United Nations."

More striking, however, than the narrow legal claim is the new feeling among American Negroes of being a nation inside a nation—"one of the considerable nations of the world," as the statement phrases it. It continues:

> We number as many as the inhabitants of the Argentine or Czechoslovakia, or the whole of Scandinavia. . . . We are larger than Canada, Saudi Arabia, Ethiopia, Hungary or the Netherlands . . . and while we rejoice that other smaller nations can stand and make their wants known in the United Nations we maintain that our voice should not be suppressed or ignored.

The political possibilities of such Negro unity can be as little lost on President Truman or Mr. Wallace as on dissident Democrats in the Solid South.

EDMUND PENNING-ROWSELL

WRITERS AND THE CHANCELLOR

These are hard times for authors. The paper shortage obliges publishers to reduce printing orders and to keep saleable books out of print; new authors, unless they are promising enough to elbow their established competitors aside, are denied publication; cheap editions are a thing of the past. Production delays, due to the scarcity of skilled labour and materials, make quick reprinting impossible, and the success of a novelist depends on a rapid succession of new impressions while the demand for his book is at its height. If it were not for the welcome increase in the number of book buyers, writers who depend on the British market for their livelihood would be having a very thin time.

The successful author, however, does not have to rely on the home market alone. Hollywood and the American book clubs are potentially his biggest source of income. One English novelist has earned at least 500,000 dollars from a recent novel in American book royalties alone. The film rights were sold for (I make a cautious guess) at least 100,000 dollars. Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Man and Superman* has been a mine of dollars in New York—although the author may perversely demonstrate that it has actually impoverished him. I know a young English novelist, author of a current best-seller in America, who has sold the film rights of five earlier books as a result of this success. But now the tax collector steps in. The author will keep only one-thirteenth of the total sum paid to him.

Nothing is easier to bear than the hardships of others; but it is time someone put in a plea for the author. It is only in recent years that the author, thanks to the efforts of Sir Walter Besant and the Society of Authors and the bargaining of literary agents, has been enabled to benefit materially from his work. Even to-day he is not allowed to bequeath future royalties to his descendants, for his work soon passes after his death into the public domain, that is to say, it is confiscated. That may be justifiable; but it is one reason why the author should be treated more generously in his lifetime.

Apart from a trifling expenses allowance—and, unlike the journalist, the author can claim only negligible expenses—he is given one relief from taxation. If he takes more than twelve months to prepare a "literary, dramatic, musical or artistic work" and accepts a lump sum either as an outright payment or as an advance on account of royalties, he can claim that this payment is, for taxation purposes, income spread over the preceding two years. A maximum spread-over period of three years is allowed if he can prove that the work has taken longer than two years to prepare.

The inadequacy of this "relief" can easily be seen when one considers the customary form of author's contract, which in the case of a book or play provides for a more or less nominal advance on account of royalties. The author whose book earns several thousand pounds in royalties cannot average out his *earnings*, but only the advance paid on publication, which may be no more than fifty or a hundred pounds. When this concession was announced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it was generally assumed that he intended to restore the principle of averaging out income which obtained before the war. But those responsible for the drafting of the 1944 Finance Bill, whether by accident or design, so worded Section 24 that for the majority of authors the substance of the concession was lost.

Even if the 1944 Finance Act had been more generously worded, the concession would not have been enough. Success, when it does come to an author, usually comes with a rush. He may write fifteen or twenty books before he becomes a best-seller. (H. E. Bates and C. S. Forester, for example, wrote unprofitably for many years.) During their peak periods such authors make enormous incomes. Before and after, their earnings are relatively, and often actually, small. I could make a long and melancholy list of past best-sellers whose incomes have now dwindled to practically nothing. They have had their brief and glorious hour, but the tax collector makes no allowance for the years of penury and preparation, nor for the lean years which so often follow. The author is merely another, if temporary, surtax-payer. I know of a dramatist whose play netted £9,000 in one year, after the deduction of about 28 per cent. for entertainment tax. Tax and surtax accounted for £6,000. He has not written a successful play before or since. The playgoing public is so capricious that a dramatist starts from scratch every time he writes a play. The novelist can at least hold his public for a few years but a dramatist can, and often does, lose his reputation overnight.

It has always seemed to me wholly unjust that an author's royalties should be taxable on the same basis as the regular earnings of other professional or business men. (When I say authors, I include composers, sculptors, artists and inventors.) Writing a book may be a long business, for the process begins long before the author puts pen to paper. When he completes his work, he produces something which cannot be repeated. He is in effect selling something of capital value. It is admittedly difficult to legislate for the author, whose lean years cannot readily be assessed. But there is a powerful argument in favour of spreading an author's earnings over a long period or alternatively of giving him an allowance in respect of the disposal of capital assets. Can it be disputed that a painting or a book copyright is a capital asset? The outright sales of an author's work, e.g., film and serial rights, which are customarily bought for lump sums, should be treated as capital sales, exempt or partially exempt from income tax and surtax. This principle has in the past been recognised by the Inland Revenue in the case of foreign authors whose work earns outright sums in this country. Such exemption should obviously not apply to outright payments made in lieu of book royalties. If it did, there would, I fear, be a rush to cancel existing royalty agreements.

The Government can perform a vital service for the arts by recognising the essential difference between the regular wage or salary earner and the creative artist, whose function and income rest on different foundations. Unless this can be done, many authors will be crushed out of existence. It is from the ranks of the good but insufficiently rewarded writers that the best and most successful eventually emerge. The cynic may argue that the world will not be any the worse if fewer books and plays are written. But I sometimes wonder what such practical men as Shakespeare and Dr. Johnson would have done—or would have bluntly refused to do—if they were writing to-day. Books now have a value which cannot in any case be measured by the amount of currency they earn. Abroad they are our cheapest and perhaps our most effective ambassadors. The British outlook can sometimes be explained only by our most widely read authors, and it is due in great part to our books that British prestige stands as high as it does in America and Europe.

Michael Joseph

THE OWL: FACT AND FICTION

Of all the birds that frequent the British countryside, none have received more attention than the owls. Literature and ancient lore are both rich in their references to owls; more recent years have seen scientific investigations carried out with the object of convincing the country at large of the value of the owls to agriculture. Indeed, so indelibly has the barn owl, noisiest shrieker of the family, been associated with the English countryside that a recent reminder that the barn owl population, estimated at some 12,000 pairs a decade or so ago, has declined rapidly in late years must come as rather an unpleasant piece of news to all interested in bird conservation.

Such a reduction must be regarded as a serious matter, for, with the possible exception of the lapwing, it is hard to think of any bird more valuable to the farmer and the cause of agriculture. Many reasons for this declining population have been advanced, not the least important being the wiring up of church towers and the lack of owl lofts in modern barns robbing the birds of many possible nesting sites; but the probability of still continued persecution must not be overlooked. In spite of its usefulness, there was a time—not many generations removed—when the barn owl was to be numbered among the most persecuted of birds, and in the country long-established prejudices are hard to overcome. Rural dwellers are always sceptical of the virtues of any creature that prefers to hunt in the gloom rather than in broad daylight; and not only the owl, but the bat and badger among animals have suffered much cruel treatment because of their nocturnal food-getting habits.

Undoubtedly the blood-curdling screech of the barn owl, the noiseless flight, and the large white face had all a great deal to do with the attitude of our grandparents, who had it that the creature, if a bird at all, was one in league with the Devil himself! In more remote parts of the country, the name of Devil's Screecher still persists. In the Yorkshire Dales, however, I have come across another version of the origin of the "white hoolet"—to use the local term for the bird—in the lines of an old song crediting it as being the daughter of Pharaoh. One verse of this runs:

Oh! O-o-o, o-o,
I was once a king's daughter, and sat at my father's knee,
But now I'm a poor hoolet, and hide in a hollow tree.

Charles Waterton, the eccentric squire of Walton Hall, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire, who set up the first bird sanctuary in these islands over a century ago, and also induced the barn owls to breed in the old gateway tower of his home, has related how in his boyhood days his nurse sang the following lines:

Once I was a monarch's daughter
And sat on a lady's knee:
But now I'm a nightly rover,
Banished to the ivy tree.

Crying hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo,
Hoo, hoo, hoo my feet are cold!
Pity me, for here you see me,
Persecuted, poor and old.

More recent years, however, have seen ornithologists pursuing a much more utilitarian line than tracing the mythical ancestry of the bird. Rather have they turned their attention to the pellets which the owl, in common with other birds of prey, emits at the conclusion of a meal and which provide unimpeachable evidence of the type of food taken. The late Henry Seebohm himself examined 700 of these pellets and found in them the remains of 2,513 mice, one mole, and 22 birds, of which 19 were sparrows; and to support this evidence—if further support was needed—another observer spent a night watching a pair of barn owls bringing food to their youngsters and recorded that they brought along no fewer than 27 mice and four rats, in addition to voles of different species, and another watcher stated that he found 20 freshly killed rats in a barn owl's nesting place.

To-day, the barn owl has the official "blessing" of the Ministry of Agriculture, which has pointed out that: "Every farmer should make it his business to encourage a bird that is working so diligently on his behalf. It is a resident bird, and its good work is carried on all the year round. There is no bird that is more worthy of protection, and one that will more quickly 'pay for its keep.'" In further support of this, the Ministry has even issued instructions on how to encourage the birds by the provision of suitable nesting boxes and so offset the reductions caused by the disappearance of their old breeding haunts.

Yet, in spite of the fact that everything points to the usefulness of the barn owl, there are still sceptics. I still find occasional gamekeepers and others willing to believe unsubstantiated stories of owls' attacks on young chicks. As Mr. G. B. Blaker, who conducted the inquiry into the feeding habits already referred to, emphasised in his report: "There still exists that section of the gamekeeping community which has been brought up to respect the old tradition of their ancestors, which says that anything with claws and a hooked beak is a deadly enemy. But this section is now a minority, and there is a healthy tendency growing among gamekeepers to regard the barn owl as a valuable check on the smaller and more elusive types of vermin."

A decade has passed since Mr. Blaker's report was issued, but that minority is still there. It is, indeed, a great pity that the uncorroborated rumours of so many years should still be allowed to decry the barn owl's worth to agriculture, and that to-day, when anything helpful in the war against vermin should be encouraged, the appeals of the Ministry of Agriculture should still fall upon deaf ears.

Sydney Moorhouse

The Arts and Entertainment

THE MOVIES

"Escape," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion

"Snowbound," at the Marble Arch Odeon

"The Woman on the Beach," at Leicester Square Theatre

"Not so good" is one minor feeling that, with the years, I have come to associate with film-going. Not so good, yet not so bad either. Almost every film has this advantage over its equivalent in play or novel: that it goes better. How could one possibly wade through the books from which *The Best Years of Our Lives* or *Corridor of Mirrors* or *Gone With the Wind* have been taken? Yet as films they are, at the lowest computation, viewable. And the abyss of the theatrical flop—when everyone loathes the actors and gazes in fascination at the scenery which will change (it is hoped) with the next act: that nadir of tedium at least the cinema-goer never knows. There will always be movement, if not liveliness; there will be, at least, a background. Sometimes the background may be nothing more than a street in which the heroine jumps from a car and runs up a short flight of steps (no heroine would dream of *walking* them): even then one can notice the passers-by and the name of a shop. Consolations of this order (snatches of classical music, views from train windows, New York's skyline, Alps, Orkneys) the cinema provides in plenty. This week's films take us to Devon moors, Swiss mountains, a Pacific coast. It may be that the screen version of Galsworthy's *Escape* debases an honest original; but personally I prefer the film, which besides impressing the analogy between a man and a fox being hunted, shows us both in a hurry-flurry across landscape not to be missed. An argumentative, and to me boringly dated play, has been made into a moderately thrilling film. Nothing more: I don't warmly recommend it. Produced by Americans in England and with English actors, it has the pleasure of its setting and of Mr. Rex Harrison (for the moment repatriated) as an escaped convict in a very well-cut convict suit.

In *Snowbound* half a dozen international spies and their trackers fight it out with wits, drinks, and guns in a ski-hut on a mountain. The plot of this English thriller seemed to me pretty feeble, but the snows and skiers and the search party with torches give the film an excitement it would otherwise lack. There are good performances, notably by Mr. Herbert Lom and Mr. Stanley Holloway, which make one always expect the film to turn out better than it does.

The Woman on the Beach has the advantage of being directed by Jean Renoir, and the disadvantage of having been made in Hollywood. That is to say, it's a tough, sensational drama about three people on an isolated coast that might have been (and perhaps was) cribbed by a popular novelist who had been reading Strindberg's *Dance of Death*. The characters are a coastguard officer suffering from war repressions, a woman who haunts a stranded hulk waiting for a lover, and her husband, whom she has blinded and who besides being a great painter is played by a remarkably good actor, Mr. Charles Bickford. His performance and Renoir's own visions of a desolate coast give this unconvincing and overcharged piece a distinction it hardly deserves. It is sad to think that our last experience of Renoir was that perfect adaptation of a Maupassant story, *Partie de Campagne*. There, too, by the way—I remember the lyrical effect of a rainstorm bringing the boaters home—the background was almost everything.

William Whitebait

RADIO NOTES

This year, quite apart from its broadcasting of music and talks appropriate to Holy Week, the B.B.C. has celebrated Easter with programmes of more than usual interest, beginning on Good Friday with Charles Williams's play *The Three Temptations*. Williams's tantalisingly subtle mind was, one fancies, too subtle for him ever to have been a successful dramatist either in the theatre or for radio, and *The Three Temptations* demanded an almost impossibly close collaboration on the part of the listener not only because of the subtlety of expression, the paradoxes which he constantly used, but also because of the intricacy of the rhyming scheme of his verse; too often one lost the sense in the effort to catch the rhyme. Yet it was an exciting broadcast; it had passion and eloquence, the formal construction of the play gave pleasure, and all the time one was in no doubt that one was in the presence of a mind of unusual distinction. The occasion was a personal triumph for Mr. Keneth Kent as Herod.

Easter in Europe, Sunday's big programme in the Home Service, failed because too much was attempted too elaborately. To build up this rendering of Holy Week some thirty musical excerpts from religious services in England and on the continent were drawn upon. The programme lasted two hours; thirty into one hundred and twenty minutes goes four; and even then allowance must be made for the time taken up by the triple narration. The programme could not avoid being a sequence of musical snippets cut up by narration; one would have welcomed fewer choirs and more of each. But the underlying idea was excellent. First there was the scriptural story of the Passion, most beautifully read by Mr. Cyril Cusack; then there was a fascinating gloss on this by Mr. W. R. Rodgers in his characteristic verse—very well spoken by Mr. Stephen Murray; and then—and this is where illusion broke down—there were the announcer's remarks linking the music, public-relations prose written in the hollowly declamatory style the B.B.C. reserves for a Solemn Occasion. Not even Mr. Lloyd James's discretion in delivering them could prevent their killing the effect of the New Testament story and Mr. Rodgers's verse. The transition was altogether too abrupt; one was being continuously jerked back into another world, that of polite advertising and the superior travelogue.

Mr. Heppenstall's *Easter Anthology* was impressive because of its very intransigence. His theme was the impact of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection on some modern writers, and the programme that resulted had a challenging intensity and urgency. The adaptation to radio of Hemingway's story "Today Is Friday," seemed actually to add something to the original version as one remembers reading it; on the air, possibly because of the G.I. voices, it carried a conviction beyond that of the printed page; it was no longer merely an exercise in the Hemingway manner. Of the poems specially written for the programme by Mr. Norman Nicholson and Mr. Heath-Stubbs one felt as one generally does of new poems heard for the first time on the wireless, that one must suspend judgment until one has heard them again and read them. It was, perhaps, a mistake to include them in the same programme as Bloy, Hemingway and Lawrence, writers who can be matched in power of expression or naked intensity of feeling only by very few living poets, Miss Sitwell, Mr. Eliot, Mr. Graves, Mr. Dylan Thomas. But all in all, it was a most satisfying and original programme; and the passages from Bloy and Lawrence were read superbly by Mr. Anthony Jacob and Mr. Bernard Miles.

Then there was the quite excellent production of Strindberg's *Easter,* which gave us the opportunity of seeing a relatively unknown side of Strindberg, Strindberg as Christian. It is a difficult play for a variety of reasons. As far as production is concerned it leans heavily on the two children, Eleonora and Benjamin. In Monday's production Miss Cherry Cottrell and Master David Spenser were astonishingly successful; one was not reminded, as one might so easily have been, either of Barrie or Maeterlinck.

There are many attractive pieces of late XVIII Century furniture at Heal's and a visit will show that even nowadays furnishing a house can still be a pleasure.

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SOCIETY EDITION

I AM fortunate in having this small space for an announcement in *The New Statesman and Nation*. It provides me with the opportunity of giving Readers a little information about the romantic surge of events which led to the recording by His Master's Voice of the major works of that long-neglected, but wonderful, composer, Nicolas Medtner. This is an event of great importance, for a star has shone from the East for Medtner. H.H. The Maharajah of Mysore, a great music-lover, a man of vision, imagination and humanity, had long recognised the gifted and creative Medtner. He therefore decided that Medtner's rich creation of music should be recorded that posterity would reap the full benefit of Medtner's fine musical contribution.

H.H. The Maharajah of Mysore made funds available that this project could be carried out. What a romantic picture. I would like to tell you more about it, but space, unfortunately, does not permit. To those who are eager for further knowledge of Medtner, I would recommend that they write for the booklet which we are publishing, and which we hope will be ready by the end of April, "Medtner and His Music," by Richard Holt, price 1/6, postage 2d., and doubtless Mr. Edward Sackville-West will be giving reviews of the albums as they are issued in his excellent articles in this paper. I would like to feel that Readers will capture from this short message a desire to know more about this wonderful project, and if they will write or call for further particulars, I shall be delighted to give them.

The albums will be issued as Society Editions and the first one is now ready, the contents of which are given here.

Fred Smith

Arabesque, Op. 7, No. 2
Solo Pianoforte, Medtner
Fairy Tale in D minor, Op. 51, No. 1
Solo Pianoforte, Medtner
Fairy Tale in F minor, Op. 26, No. 3
Solo Pianoforte, Medtner
To a Dreamer, Op. 31, No. 1
Oda Slobodskaya, Soprano

Concerto No. 2 for Pianoforte and Orch.
Nicolas Medtner with Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Dobrowen
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Strindberg's solution of the difficulty always attendant on the presentation of a modern Christ-figure is bold in the extreme; he is made the creditor of a defaulting financier; and he is acceptable because he is never sentimentalised and is confined severely to one aspect of the Redeemer. Mr. Watt's production was the most memorable one has heard in the Monday Night play series for many months.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE THEATRE

"Dandy Dick," at the Lyric, Hammersmith
"The Happiest Days of Your Life," at the Apollo

The Pinero farce (décor by Cecil Beaton) should be much funnier than the Company of Four have managed to make it. It is excellently written and so ingeniously contrived that the story of the Dean who gets involved in a scandal connected with the local races remains absurdly exciting up to the end. Unfortunately, this production falls into a common current vulgarism, the belief that Victorian clothes and manners are funny in themselves. With one exception the players, instead of preoccupying themselves with the affairs of the piece, stand half outside it, inviting us to laugh at their funniness. The ladies are the worst offenders, the two daughters of the Dean and his sister, the trainer; they all but wink and nudge us and ask "Aren't we screams?" And the answer is No, but you might be, if you took your parts seriously. Nothing should be so serious as farce—from the actors' point of view; it is we who do the laughing. Yet there is a perfect example for them of how it should be done in Mr. Denys Blakelock as the Dean; he acts right inside the play and is consequently a perpetual comic delight. Before they transfer *Dandy Dick,* I suggest that they might call in someone like Mr. Robertson Hare to tell them how farce should be played.

In *The Happiest Days of Your Life,* an amusing enough new farce, the reverse of this happens. With one exception everyone plays with the preoccupational seriousness that the predicament demands; for into a boys' Prep. school the Ministry of Devacuation plants in error a girls' school boasting Miss Margaret Rutherford as its Principal. The gags are as old as *Charley's Aunt* and the jokes redolent of the setting, but this will certainly ensure a long run. Miss Rutherford (but of course she is much too good for this kind of thing) comes into her own in the last act and she is well supported by Mr. George Howe's appearance, Mr. Colin Gordon's timing, and two first-rate juveniles, Miss Molly Weir and Mr. Peter Davies. Only the games mistress is grossly overdone and so not as funny as she might be.

T. C. WORSLEY

Correspondence

DEMOCRACY AND SOCIALISM

SIR,—The following analysis may explain why Communism under Russian influence has led to results which democratic Socialists are compelled to repudiate.

First, Communists tend to believe that Marx-Leninism is an exact science from which they can deduce with absolute certainty the policies required by the interests of the masses. (The official *Short History of the Communist Party in Russia* suggests that Marx-Leninism is as exact a science as biology.) This inevitably produces a tendency to treat the ordinary workers who are not Marx-Leninist scholars like children who do not know what is good for them, and whose wishes must be overruled in their own interests.

Secondly, Communists tend to be influenced by the Hegelian element in Marxism and to believe that abstract concepts such as classes or the Socialist State are realities superior to the individuals who compose them. This leads to a readiness to sacrifice human beings to ideas (cf. Gorki's remark that Lenin treated the Russian people as a scientist treats his experimental material). It leads to a belief that the Communist Party representing the masses is an *a priori* truth which does not need to be validated by regular testing against actual mass opinion. The theoretical simplicity of "liquidating a class" has made Communists ignore the vicious circle inherent in Police State methods: the people who form an opposition class cannot, in practice, be "liquidated" without making other people into a new opposition.

The striking thing about East European Communist parties is their contempt for the intelligence of the masses. Communists claim that the Communist-led governments of Eastern Europe enjoy general popular support. (If this is so, them scrupulously fair elections could give irrefutable proof of popular support for Communism). But they also claim that it has been necessary to dissolve or purge opposition parties and prevent the free expression of opposition views before holding elections. The two claims are only consistent on the assumption that the average worker or peasant in Poland, Czechoslovakia, etc., is so stupid that, if he is allowed to hear arguments against Communism as well as arguments for it, he will vote for parties which wish to enslave and exploit him instead of for a party that offers him freedom and prosperity. The Russians act on the assumption that nearly all Soviet citizens are so weak-minded that their belief in Communism and loyalty to their country would be corrupted by any first-hand contact with the non-Communist West. The size and powers of the Russian secret police would seem to show that a generation of Communist government and liquidating the opposition has left cleavages in Russian society more bitter than those in capitalist democracies.

It is only in China that a Communist Party has shown a genuine respect for popular opinion and has tried to secure an objective correspondence between Communist policies and the desires of the masses. The war-time experience of the Chinese Liberated Areas is conclusive proof that New Democratic governments which really have wholehearted mass support can deal with enemy and Fascist agents supported by a small opposition class without resorting to Russian-style secret police terrorism.

It is possible to agree with much of the Communist criticism of Social Democracy, but the striking practical defects of the alternative offered by Communism have been a major factor in making progressive opinion in the West tolerant of reaction as the lesser evil. Communist doctrinaires and the Russian secret police have been the most effective assistants of world reaction

MICHAEL LINDSAY

Balliol College, Oxford.

SIR,—If British Socialists are actuated by the ideals professed by Mr. Sargant, why do they so often concentrate their criticism on Soviet Russia and Eastern Europe, and so seldom, if ever, on unsavoury aspects of American democracy?

You publish a string of anti-Soviet comments from Mr. Anthony West. Will you, I wonder, also publish the following statements from non-Communist American sources about conditions in the U.S.A.? They are taken almost at random from scores of similar examples which I could quote.

"The distinguishing features of 85 per cent. of the jails of the country are filth, the herding together of convicted criminals and persons awaiting trial, the mingling of well with foully diseased individuals . . . the prevalence of bedbugs and lice." (From *The Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, Sept. 1931). "Through public neglect and legislative penny-pinching, state after state has allowed its institutions for the mentally sick to degenerate into little more than concentration camps" with "scores of deaths of patients following beatings by attendants." (*Readers Digest*, August 1946). "In the Southern states the net annual cash earnings of hired workers, whether share-croppers or wage hands, only occasionally exceed $100 per worker" and even with perquisites seldom exceed $150. (*Ill Fares the Land,* Carey McWilliams

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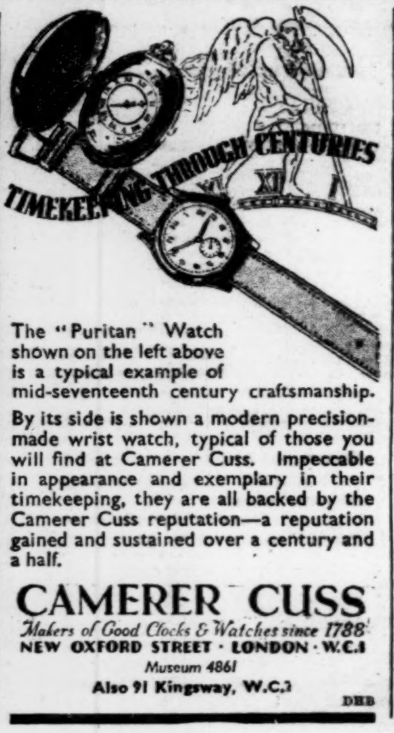

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45). "What the poll tax really means, in the rds of Jennings Perry, is that 'the *majority* of ople in seven States have no voice in government.'" *side U.S.A.*, John Gunther, 1947). All this, it y be noted, some 170 years after the American volution.

Mr. Gunther gives an interesting example of pitalist idealism in practice. In 1946, former cretary of State James F. Byrnes was passionately ading for justice and democratic procedures in ard to Bulgarian elections and the frontiers of ieste. About that time, in the home state of Mr. rnes, a policeman beat up a Negro and then ground t his eyes with the end of his club. The policeman s acquitted in half an hour by a district court jury.

I suggest that so long as idealists, Socialist or pitalist, ignore such aspects of Western democracy, is justifiable to assume that their hostility towards e new type democracies in the East has very little nnection with the ideals set forth by Mr. Sargant.

HUGH P. VOWLES

SIR,—Mr. Archibald Robertson tells us that "in ery Revolution there is a Gironde and a Mountain d it is always the Gironde, the Liberals, that gets ueezed out and the Mountain that wins through and es the job. Thus in 1793."

So French history is to be rewritten too! What a e lot of work that is going to provide for the Party ellectuals when there are so many thousands of oks to tell us that it was the Mountain that was uffed out in 1794 and the Liberals who have ruled ance, off and on, ever since. GERALD BRENAN

CATHOLICS AND POLITICS

SIR,—Mr. Richard Keppel must have a rather etchy knowledge of European history if he thinks at the Roman Catholic Church does not meddle in litics. It would be nearer the mark to say that it s never done anything else. Not, however, to delve to history, and without considering England, where e Papal writ no longer serves and where the Catho-s are (numerically) insignificant, we need only con-lt the catechism.

I have before me *Le catéchisme des droits divins ns l'ordre social* by Father A. Philippe, and the panish *Nuevo Ripalda*, which is in its twenty-second ition and is taught in the schools throughout Spain. oth of these catechisms have the approval and bless-g of the Pope, and contain therefore nothing but e pure milk of the word; and in both it is laid wn as fundamental that a Catholic cannot vote mply as he chooses. If he votes for a Liberal—if even reads a Liberal journal without ecclesiastical rmission—he is committing a mortal sin. And by Liberalism is meant not Socialism or Communism (each of those errors has a section to itself). No, a Liberal is one who believes in those "pestilential heresies"—freedom of speech, freedom of conscience, and freedom of the press. Father Philippe says (page 74) that Catholics must make it their aim to destroy these freedoms: *Dans ce but, il faut que nous fassions usage des libertés, qui nous sont accordées, pour supprimer ces libertés mêmes*. Evidently, the practice of stealthy infiltration is not confined to the Communists. HAROLD BINNS

JAN MASARYK

SIR,—Why does Mr. R. H. S. Crossman rely on his own intuition to try to discover Jan Masaryk's final attitude to his country's problems instead of seeking such facts as are available?

When the tragedy became known, the press in this country—and elsewhere—announced that the last person to see Masaryk alive was Dr. Kavan, press attaché to the Czechoslovakian Embassy in London. Since I was unable to find any statement from Dr. Kavan reported in the newspapers I went to see him personally to try to learn the truth. Dr. Kavan told me that in his last interview he gave Masaryk a detailed account of the reactions of the British press to the change of government in Czechoslovakia. When he referred to comments on the interview which Masaryk had given to *L'Ordre*, Masaryk interrupted to say that the interview had been given spontaneously, and added: "How could some people think that I would go against the will of the people? That would mean to go against all my past—all my past. I didn't hesitate for a single moment when Gottwald offered me the post of Foreign Minister. I accepted at once." Masaryk, Dr. Kavan told me, then went on to say that his place was on the side of the people and that they had expressed their will very clearly; he then discussed other problems and finally came to the subject of the Czech diplomats abroad who had resigned. He said: "I was in the resistance movement—a resistance movement against Hitler and against the Germans—but these people are traitors. They want to start a resistance movement against the will of their own people—and consequently they have become allies of our foreign enemies." Masaryk was, Dr. Kavan added, very distressed by criticisms that had been made of him by friends abroad, but in the whole conversation there was nothing which, seen in retrospect, could be interpreted as anticipating the tragedy that was to follow a few hours later.

Since Dr. Kavan's return to this country he has not been approached by a single British or American journalist. It is difficult to understand how a press which expresses itself as horrified by "attacks on freedom of information and opinion" can neglect even to investigate the testimony of the man who, apart from the servants, was undeniably the last person to see Masaryk alive; and it is inconceivable to imagine that the same neglect would have been shown had there been a similar witness to the last hours of Mr. John Winant. MONICA FELTON

29 Vandon Court, Petty France, S.W.1.

HYDERABAD

SIR,—Mr. Kingsley Martin's surmise in his recent article on Hyderabad that the state is Fascist, falls in line with the traditional "give the dog a bad name and hang him."

He calls Hyderabad a Fascist state because the 13 per cent. Muslims are ruling a predominantly Hindu population. It would have been more honest of him if he had applied this same logic in his other recent article on Kashmir, where he is apologetic for the Dogra rule over a predominantly Muslim population. And further, he defends the crushing of the popular rising of the people of Kashmir by the troops of the Indian Union.

Having recently come from Hyderabad I see no truth in the accounts of the atrocities on the Hindu population of Hyderabad by the Ittehadul-Mussulman. On the contrary, Mr. Martin in the same article bears testimony that the Hindu Communists from Madras plunder and loot the villages in Hyderabad. He says that there is no civil liberty to be found in Hyderabad, yet in the same paragraph he mentions that there is no press censorship of the severe criticisms of the Government policy that are frequently found in the daily papers there. Censorship in Hyderabad of news that may incite communal hatred is certainly no more than similar censorship in both India and Pakistan. K. M. HUSSIAN-PASHA

103 Gower Street, London, W.C.1.

[These are very strange criticisms. Mr. Martin did not say that Hyderabad was a Fascist State, but his article, called "Fascism in Hyderabad," contained an accurate summary of an interview with Kazim Razvy who made it clear that his philosophy was anti-democratic and Fascist. Kazim Razvy is the head of the Ittehad, which acts as a private Fascist army but which has close contacts with the Nizam's Government. On censorship Mr. Martin stated that newspepers which published criticisms of the Government were brought under full censorship while he was in Hyderabad. As to raids, Mr. Martin stated that they were carried out both by the Ittehad and the Hindu Communists. He made no apology for the equally shocking rule of the Maharaja of Kashmir, nor for the savagery of the Dogras in Poonch. ED. N.S. & N.]

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CO-OPERATIVE PRICE CUTS

SIR,—Has it crossed the editorial mind that perhaps it has been too quick to compliment the action taken by the Co-operatives? It might leave the housewife with a few more pence in her purse, but how is it affecting the more pressing problem of reducing prices generally down the whole of the distributing ladder to the manufacturer? Not at all. If they had cut the prices on the hundred and one articles that do show them a handsome profit, and private traders also, they would then deserve the pat on the back that you give them.

Be honest. The present move is quite selfish, and I, as a competitor, would be the first to admit, quite a legitimate trade tactic. The Co-operatives require more people to register with them: of sugar, they hold only a quarter of the nation's registrations, and pretty soon canned foods are to follow those basic registrations in order to ensure a more fair distribution. Hence the wish to "cut" articles already "cut" or "subsidised" by the Government in order to draw more profitable trade after them.

I suppose it has puzzled you, just as it has puzzled me, why more people cannot see the dazzling advantages to be gained by trading with Co-operatives, and why they persist in trading with greedy private enterprise. **PHILIP BROWN**

"Four Gables,"
Duffield Road, Allestree, Derby.

ARTISTS IN SIBERIA

SIR,—In his reply to my letter Mr. West gives the impression that he is a special authority on the fate of persecuted Soviet artists. Yet it is strange that Mr. West's "facts" are almost identical with the "facts" given on page 22 of "Forced Labour in Soviet Russia" by Mr. Dallin. The latter is a Menshevik emigré, who, for the past twenty-five years, has been pouring forth abuse against his country. It is hardly likely that he would be objective, especially as he quotes extensively from anti-Soviet Poles. Furthermore, Dallin's book has been severely discredited by Henry Pratt Fairchild, Professor Emeritus of Sociology of New York University, in a long article which appeared in the February issue of "Russia Today." Basing his calculation on Dallin's figures, Professor Fairchild shows that, if over one-sixth of all the adult males in the Soviet Union died in labour camps every year, in seven or eight years there would be no adult males left. A unique absurdity to all but "credulous dupes," to quote Mr. West.

Mr West omits to state that Leonid Shchekack and Julius Margolin, two victims of forced labour who had crossed the Party line, are not Russians but Poles, an indication that they were, if anything, prisoners of war.

Mr. West's "facts" are conspicuous by their absence of dates and their general vagueness. To take one example. Utesov's band has been led by him for the past eighteen years or so, and is famous all over the Soviet Union for its brilliant concerts. When during this period did Utesov "serve his time out"? And why? Perhaps Mr. West can explain.

If Shirin was sentenced to forced labour for uttering the words "Soviet straw," it stands to reason that those many artists who severely criticised Soviet art and way of life must have suffered a spell of "peat-cutting in Rybinsk." This applies to Zoschenko, to the contributors to the satirical "Crocodile," to authors like Katayev. But Mr. West, for all his besmirching the Soviet Union, would hardly commit himself so far.

Taken at its face value, Mr. West's letter sounds authentic, but beneath the surface there is a profound prejudice against the Soviet Union which gives his "facts" a false ring. **MARTIN MITCHELL**

20 Manor View, Finchley, N.3.

DEATH TO CIVILISATION?

SIR,—In your number of March 13th, I notice an absurd letter from the Communist point of view, by a Mr. Mitchell, directed against Mr. Raymond Mortimer's article on the freedom necessary for the arts to flourish in. Any intelligent person is bound to agree with Mr. Mortimer's argument.

In the same issue I find Mr. Mortimer, in another article, referring to our civilisation as "now in turn upon its death-bed." That is a favourite cliché among intellectuals. I wonder whether Mr. Mortimer, on second thoughts, will not agree that there is even a certain vulgarity in the self-pity with which they so readily contemplate civilisation as being "on its death-bed"? In fact, a wider knowledge of history, and a little more scepticism, would indicate that civilisation is a very tough plant capable of surviving a great deal.

I wonder whether Mr. Mortimer will not agree with me that that sort of defeatism is what makes the point of view of the Communists not right—nothing could do that—but gives it a certain plausibility? It provides them with a *point de départ* of which they make all too much use. It ought not to be handed them so easily and without reflection.

All Souls College, Oxford. **A. L. ROWSE**

41, GROSVENOR ROAD

SIR,—In view of the origins of this journal, your readers may be interested to learn the result of a recent suggestion made to the London County Coun that they should put a plaque on the front of 4 Grosvenor Road to commemorate the residence the for so many years of Sidney and Beatrice Webb.

That house and its rooms, as you know, becam familiar to thousands of people of all kinds broug together by the Webbs; it is described with unkind accuracy in *The New Machiavelli*; so long as stands, 41 will certainly have its distinctive place in th social history of our time. In view of all that Sidne did for the Council itself and for London educatio it is fitting that the Council should thus mark th house which, despite the existence of a Beatrice We memorial house in Surrey, has become a Lond "shrine." (It is a pity that the Fabian Society cou not have its office there.)

The appropriate Committee duly considered t suggestion and resolved to take no action since " is the Council's general practice not to erect a co memorative plaque until 20 years after the death the person(s) concerned." No doubt it is in general wise rule; but the Webbs' place in our social history I imagine, secure and should not diminish in 20 yea whereas, with the changes and chances of Lond building and the mutability of elected persons, the things tend to get overlooked, somewhat to the pub loss. Is not Westminster Abbey a sufficient preced for the Council? **W. E. SIMNETT**

9 Kew Gardens Road,
Kew, Surrey.

CORIOLANUS

SIR,—It has been pointed out to me that the l paragraph of my letter in your issue of March 13 may be open to misinterpretation. I did not inte to assert that a higher royalty was payable on t sales of Harley Granville-Barker's *Coriolan* than on those of his *Hamlet*. Rather to intim that the publishers of an author of his prestige w certainly have to pay a higher royalty on the sale his books than, for example, on those of an auth published for the first time.

In your editorial comment on my letter you state "We believe that 60 per cent increase more nea represents the rise in book-production costs sin 1939, but owing to the larger edition now print nothing like the whole of this increase is genera passed on to the public." May I ask what beari the second half of this sentence has on the subje under discussion—the "outrageous" price *Coriolanus* by Harley Granville-Barker?

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I don't overpraise

'Not for fifteen years have I found so certain a touch,' wrote Daniel George in *The Daily Express* of John Mortimer's comedy of the film fraternity, *Charade*. 'Comedy? Tragedy? Mystery? It is all three and more. Humour, tenderness, satire, compassion, insight—these qualities John Mortimer unostentatiously displays as natural gifts. Adding that he writes nimbly and selectively. I am still not overpraising him.'

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

OR many years Joseph Goebbels had spent up an hour every day dictating his diary.* A part it, dealing with the months before the Nazi pture of power, had already been published fore the war under the title "From Kaiserhof to ichskanzlei," but with copious deletions and mprovements" of the original, unpremeditated ries. We learn from Rudolph Semmler† that 1941 there were twenty-three volumes and t the *Eherverlag*, the official Nazi publishing mpany, had offered Goebbels three million rks for the sole rights. Goebbels refused the er and left provisions in his will that the diaries ould only be published by his children and with consent of the Head of the State. "My ries," he remarked one day to Semmler, "are rhaps all that will remain of my whole life's rk."

A prophetic remark! The 750,000 words, ich are all that survive, will indeed assure mortality for Joseph Goebbels. Ironically ough, the man who won his name as the perrter of truth will be remembered as the only zi who day by day recorded history precisely he saw it. Even in this abridged version—mirably prepared and annotated by Mr. chner—we feel not that we are reading a book t that we are listening to Goebbels as he talks the only person he could trust—himself. What atters is to record everything, while the impreson is still fresh. He has no need for editorial scretion; no time to re-read the previous entries to remove the contradictions and repetitions in ich the diaries abound. That can all be left the sure hand of the Nazi historian who will er prepare the masterpiece for publication. t history decided otherwise. Posthumously, the ince of censorship exposes himself—uncensored. For the study of Goebbels' personality, the loss most of the volumes seems strangely unimpornt. Like some Gothic ruin, these fragments hieve a picturesque unity which the grandiose ffice itself never possessed. The accident of e and pillage has created the work of art which oebbels himself aspired but failed to write.

The first entry is for January 21, 1942, when sasters in the Far East had brought the mocracies to the nadir of their fortunes. his was the time when victory still seemed cern and post-war plans were not desperate pipeeams but immediate problems. The most gent, in Goebbels' mind, was the liquidation of ropean Jewry. While it might be tactically se to postpone the destruction of the Catholic hurch and the German upper class until after tory, the Jews must be dealt with immediately; d war provided an opportunity for disposing of em by methods which might be unpalatable in acetime. Goebbels was proud of his "realism" d elasticity; but in his anti-Semitism he was a an of purest principle. The mass murders ust be completed, whatever the resistance of the hurches and the upper classes.

After the elimination of the Jews, what next? oebbels' answer—the final destruction of the urgeois order—reveals the futility of those arxist analysts who used to demonstrate that tional Socialism was merely a smoke screen of onopoly capitalism. In the sense that he was termined to extirpate the industrialists, the diciary, the aristocracy, and the Officers' Corps, oebbels was a real revolutionary. Abroad, his ecial hatred was reserved for Britain. Bourgeois ilisation was dying; America was only a bragrt and decadent capitalism and Russian Bolevism a perversion. Britain alone might build Aryan foundations a new social order which uld challenge the Third Reich.

Goebbels' hatred of Britain was rooted in deep respect. He constantly reminds himself t the British, unlike the Americans, are not sceptible to psychological warfare:

> A moral breakdown such as we experienced in November, 1918, can be brought about in England only with great difficulty, if at all. We should have no illusion in this respect and should not place hopes in a type of warfare that was once successful in the case of the German people but in all likelihood will never succeed with the British.

Writing of reprisal raids he remarks:

> There is no other way of bringing the English to their senses. They belong to a class of human beings with whom you can talk only after you have first knocked out their teeth.

In this age of total war no one can pay a higher compliment to his adversary. It was the same compliment which Bomber Harris and Lord Vansittart paid to Germany and which was immortalised in the slogan "Unconditional Surrender."

In Stalin, on the other hand, Goebbels saw an Asiatic monster whose panoply of totalitarianism made up for "the primitive human material at his disposal." On May 8, 1943, he reports a long harangue by the Führer on the strength of Bolshevism. Hitler spoke with overt envy of Stalin's advantages in "being opposed by no high society. He rid himself of this opposition by liquidations during the past twenty-five years." So, too, with the Churches. "In this respect Stalin has a much easier time than ourselves. His people have all been set in one groove. They are all subjected either to Bolshevik education or the Bolshevik whip. . . . Russia is based upon the firm spiritual foundation of an ideology—even though a wrong one."

Goebbels in fact was a National Bolshevik. He wanted to use the Marxist philosophy of power for transforming the world into a German Reich. Other national cultures must be abolished. On May 15, 1942, he sees a new film produced by a German company in Paris on the life of Berlioz and, after remarking on its excellent qualities, he adds:

> I am very angry to think that our own offices in Paris are teaching the French how to represent nationalism in pictures. This lack of political instinct can scarcely be surpassed. But that's how we Germans are. It is the result of our passion for work and our idealistic enthusiasm.

Three months earlier, on the day of Quisling's appointment in Norway, he remarks:

> I forbid using the word "Fuehrer" in the German press when applied to Quisling. Even if he calls himself *Foerer* in Norway and even if *Foerer* can easily be translated *Fuehrer.* I don't consider it right for the term to be applied to any other person than the *Fuehrer* himself. There are certain terms that we must absolutely reserve to ourselves, among them the word Reich. We must not tolerate any other state calling its confines a Reich. The whole world must in future understand that by Reich is meant only the German Reich.

The diary breaks off on May 23, and then runs almost uninterrupted from March to May, 1943. By now the wheel of history has turned. Von Paulus has surrendered at Stalingrad, Von Arnim at Tunis, and Germany is groaning under the Anglo-American air offensive. Typically, Goebbels thinks of these disasters as Germany's Dunkirk. His mind is full of the drama of heroic resistance under his adored Führer. Defeat seemed to Goebbels the supreme chance of showing the superiority of the S.S. over the Army, of the Party over the Bureaucracy, of the Third over the Second Reich. So he becomes the Robespierre of the Nazi revolution determined to remedy every military disaster by a more stringent enforcement of total warfare and a more ruthless liquidation of bourgeois fainthearts. He shows real personal courage and leadership; unlike Hitler and Göring, he visits the bombed areas and mingles freely with the people. He hits out contemptuously at all his colleagues, sparing only Hitler and Himmler who shared his fanaticism. Ribbentrop has missed every opportunity in foreign policy; Rosenberg has ruined the chances of pacifying occupied Russia; Ley is an illiterate and Sauckel an ass. He shares Hitler's hatred for the generals, and deliberately fosters it. No one in Germany is really reliable except the S.S., the Party and the common people. No ally in Europe is trustworthy—they are all of base metal. Even Fascism is a fraud. When Mussolini falls—the entries for that week of July happened to survive—he is surprised but hardly dismayed. Indeed, the release of Mussolini in September, 1943, by S.S. Paratroopers, though it is welcome for its psychological effect, perturbs Goebbels. It may cost Germany the province of Venetia, which would otherwise be the price for Italian treachery.

The diary ends just after the first heavy air raids on Berlin in December, 1943. Once again Goebbels has revelled in the heroic role allotted him by Germanic destiny. He has personally organised the fire-fighting and roused the rabble with a brilliant speech at the Titania Palast. But doubts are beginning to rise in his mind. In these last pages there are frequent references to the possibility of a separate peace (but, of course, Ribbentrop could not negotiate it. "Both sides consider him too heavily compromised."). In almost the last entry, he observes laconically, "It is so hard to get the Führer to take any decision; and, of course, we can't win with morale alone; we must have arms and man-power."

What sort of man is revealed in this extraordinary book? There are virtually no references to private life. For Goebbels it seems to have been a mere adjunct of politics like eating and drinking. In this respect he was no ordinary Nazi boss, chiefly concerned to feather his own nest, nor even a genial ruffian like Göring. Was he, then, a Mephisto, who coldbloodedly expounded a theory he did not believe and saw through the propaganda lies which he spread? This was the picture I had formed before reading these diaries. I am now sure that it is false. Despising the rest of mankind, Goebbels worshipped Hitler with a steadfast devotion. Inordinately vain and ambitious, he put all his machiavellian talents at the disposal of the Führer as the embodiment of the "German mission."

This explains one of the most puzzling features of the diaries. In his task as Propaganda Minister, Goebbels regarded no suppression or perversion of the truth as unjustified. One example of his attitude to propaganda is his treatment of the "Katyn Graves." Ten thousand Polish corpses were discovered in a mass grave; and, by playing this up, he succeeded in causing a break between the Russians and the Polish Government in London. Then one day he observes: "Unfortunately, German ammunition has been found in the graves. The question how it got there needs clarification. . . . In any case it is essential that the incident remains Top Secret." Yet in entry after entry he fumes at the "lies and suppression" of Reuters and the B.B.C., and congratulates himself on the candour and objectivity of his own weekly articles in *Das Reich.*

Is this merely play-acting? Surely not. It occurs not in propaganda but in a secret personal diary, and the indignation bears all the marks of hysterical sincerity. The fact is that the Nazis had not ceased to believe in truth and decency; but they considered themselves Nietzchean supermen, uniquely released from the restraints of human law. Goebbels had discarded "decadent bourgeois values"—for Germany; but he felt that the democracies should abide by them until they had been destroyed as the German republic was destroyed. Germany was entitled to wage total war: Britain was not. When Hitler signed a pact with Stalin, it was a brilliant coup: when Churchill did the same thing, it was infamous. Goering was justified in Coventrating British cities: Bomber Harris was a butcher if he retaliated. These diaries show how the superman destroys himself. To set yourself "beyond good and evil" means ultimately to lose the faculty of distinguishing truth from falsehood. This is what happened to Joseph Goebbels. He began as a brilliant propagandist; he ended by denouncing objectivity as high treason and believing his own propaganda. The lie on the lips had become the lie in the soul.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

The Goebbels Diaries. *Hamish Hamilton.* 21s.

Goebbels the Man Next to Hitler. *Westhouse.* 6d.

ITALICS MINE

T. S. Eliot. A Study of his Writings by Several Hands. Edited by B. RAJAN. *Dobson.* *7s. 6d.*

Fabulous Voyager. BY RICHARD M. KAIN. *University of Chicago and Cambridge University Press.* *22s. 6d.*

Eliot and Joyce are sometimes difficult writers, there is no saying they are not. They demand from their readers considerable application, which, however, they reward by that immeasurable richness of pleasure and that enlargement of the consciousness which only the greatest art effects. Like other writers who believe that a work of art should dissolve and absorb within itself the personality of its creator, they write in accents you cannot mistake. Above all, their mastery of language is such as to make the writings of their contemporaries, and even of their immediate predecessors, seem, if you are so rash as to take these up too soon afterwards, like some low form of advertising matter. It must be reluctantly added that to feel in this way about them, you have in some way or other to like them. It is there the trouble starts. The lazy and the quickly contemptuous are always nagging at the increasing number of readers who do like them. One has never been so rudely spoken to as by those whose ideal experience of literature is to retire comfortably to bed with a hot-water bottle and *The Forsyte Saga,* or *Greenmantle.*

Into the hands of people such as these, I am afraid, these two books on Eliot and Joyce innocently play. The first of Mr. Rajan's "hands" quotes Ecclesiastes, in a footnote, thus:

> "5. Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, *and desire shall fail* (italics mine): because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets . . ."

The last of them says this:

> It is difficult to know how so complex a work as *Gerontion* can be approached other than through the most detailed written examination.

These are hard words, and one cannot suppose that all the other hands in Mr. Rajan's book would raise themselves spontaneously in agreement: even those contributors whose chief concern is exegetical realise that a halt must be called somewhere. The limitations and purposes of exegesis are well expressed by Miss Helen L. Gardner in her excellent and sensitive commentary on *Four Quartets:* "It need hardly be said that any interpretation bears about as much resemblance to the poems as a map does to a landscape, and like a map exists to be discarded by a walker who really knows the country." But at what point should one take up the map in the first place? Not, I suggest, very early. The essays in this book are delightful in their disclosures of where this or that fragment of Eliot's verse "comes from"; they are sometimes perceptive of the influences that have worked on him; at other times one feels, as of those labourers who have compiled frequency-counts of the metrical phenomena in Shakespeare, that perhaps they have counted wrong. Eliot's overpoweringly effective habit of misquoting and mistranslating should, I believe, put a critic on his guard against assuming deep study on the poet's part of the writers whom he adapts. I feel often that on these occasions his senses have been touched rather than his intellect, which is at work elsewhere and on its own. For example: the opening lines of *Ash Wednesday* (examined here, and for the most part very persuasively, by Mrs. E. E. Duncan-Jones) contain a curious adaptation from Cavalcanti. The pathetic and (I understand) rather playful phrase, *Perch'io non spero di tornar giammai, Ballatetta, in Toscana* ("Because I do not hope ever to go back again, little ballad, to Tuscany") becomes in Eliot:

> Because I do not hope to turn again
> Because I do not hope
> Because I do not hope to turn

—phrases far more tragically weighted than their gentle original. If Mr. Eliot's lines are considered in relation to Cavalcanti, his poetic practice seems little short of outrageous. Perhaps it is. But I think we are pointedly meant to *avoid* Cavalcanti here, and that consciously or otherwise Mr. Eliot has chosen the way of deliberate mistranslation to tell us this. (One suspects, indeed, that one of the reasons for Mr. Eliot's eventual deletion of the original Italian title may have been the trouble it caused; to himself no less than to others, for no poet can wish to write a poem which will at once send the reader off to look at one by somebody else.)

When Mr. Eliot really wishes to indicate that something important is under the surface he is quite capable of the most exact quotation. The "compound ghost" in *Little Gidding,* in speaking of the poetic function, utters a very notable translation of a famous line from Mallarmé. It is not necessary to our enjoyment that we should know this; but our appreciation is increased by recognising in this a reference to one of Mr. Eliot's acknowledged masters, a poet who is, in fact, the instigator of the tradition in which Mr. Eliot has always worked. I cannot believe that Miss Gardner is wholly serious in suggesting that this line is "accidentally remembered."

To an inquisitive reader, aware from experience in other fields that textual study is a dangerous game, this book will provide much delight. But I should be alarmed at the thought that it might fall into the hands of a person not already well-versed in, and a little protective towards, the poems it discusses. I would not mind his seeing Mrs. Ridler's refreshingly personal essay on the lessons which Eliot and others may have to teach younger writers; and I would actually encourage him to read Miss M. C. Bradbrook's breezily facetious pages on Eliot as critic, as an example, simply, of how not, on any occasion, to write. The rest I would keep in a safe.

Fabulous Voyager, on the other hand, could harmlessly be left about anywhere, so extremely improbable is it that anyone should be tempted to read it. It is an American book, written in the language of that country, about Joyce's *Ulysses.* It includes some photographs of modern Dublin, giving an excellent idea of the city's trams, a map (a real map), and a reproduction of some fragments of the *Dublin Evening Telegraph* for June 16, 1904, the day on which the action of the book takes place. Mr. Kain has also had access to the edition of Thom's Directory which companioned Joyce during the composition of the book. When Mr. Kain uses his newspaper and his directory he brings us curiously and touchingly close to Joyce himself. At other times he only pushes us further away, though he usefully dissipates some of the mists in which his predecessors have swathed the book. There is every reason to want help with *Finnegans Wake;* but *Ulysses* has become steadily more accessible during the quarter-century since it appeared. We can read it ourselves, and though criticism of it as a work of art may be valuable, mere exposition, even when it is aimed, as it is here, to show Joyce's social and philosophical views, does little but interpose itself between us and the warm, lovable thing that is the book itself. *Ulysses* is a *story,* to be read carefully or otherwise by whoever will. There was a point in its making when Joyce, like Mr. Eliot, crossed out the section-headings he had originally given it. It was the point at which he knew he had succeeded.

HENRY REED

NEW NOVELS

Mariner Dances. By P. H. NEWBY. *Cape.* *9s.*

The Memoirs of a Ghost. By G. W. STONIER. *Grey Walls Press.* *8s. 6d.*

The Mountain Lion. By JEAN STAFFORD. *Faber.* *8s. 6d.*

A Crowd is not Company. By ROBERT KEE. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* *9s. 6d.*

Slowly, singly, not at all in the spate that might have been expected, the new novelists, i.e., writers who were unknown as novelists before the war, begin to emerge. It is still too earl and there are still too few of them for generalisa tions to be possible, much less rewarding. Bu certainly none of them has been more highl praised than Mr. P. H. Newby. *Mariner Danc* places one, I think, in a better position to asse the nature of his promise than one was aft reading his two earlier works. And this n simply because *Mariner Dances* is a third novel— the order of publication is no necessary indicatio of the order in which an author has written hi books—but because it adds a new and unexpecte facet to one's idea of Mr. Newby as novelis *A Journey into the Interior* and *Agents an* *Witnesses* were both exotic novels; the ver remoteness of their settings gave them a novel which made assessment difficult. Were we al one wondered, merely being seduced by scene which bore no relation to the drabness of wartim England? The pages of these first books we drenched with sun and heat and colour; it ga them, perhaps, an extra-literary advantage. Th advantage—and novelty of scene *is* an advanta to a novelist, at any rate as far as immedia success is concerned—Mr. Newby has forgone i *Mariner Dances.* He has always been an origi writer, but for those who have thought of him in the Conrad tradition, *Mariner Dances* will pro disconcerting, for it shows him firmly set in th main stream of English fiction. *Mariner Dan* is a much more carefully constructed and a muc more mature work than *The White Peacock,* bu its obvious affinities are with Lawrence before h became a local preacher and, beyond Lawrence with George Eliot. The result is a most satisfying solid piece of work, a singularly rich book— indeed, almost too rich a book—which carri with it the authority of the born novelist.

One's criticism of *A Journey Into the Interi* and *Agents and Witnesses* was that they lacked point of view, and, in the case of the latter work, centre. *Mariner Dances* has both. Mr. New tells his story in the first person. His narrat is a young schoolmaster from the working clas on whose doorstep suddenly arrives the see romantic Mariner, a not uncommon type sentimentalist, the natural or born bigamist who only feelings of responsibility are to the immedia needs of his own self-dramatising emotion Mariner has left his wife, having fallen in lo with a young girl, a minor, whom he abduc against the wishes of her guardians and whom brings back to the narrator's town. The girl h no idea that Mariner is married. Mariner is first-rate study of a rootless, shiftless, sel tormenting, self-deceiver whose sense of the reali of the world outside himself is small. But he only one of the motifs of Mr. Newby's patter There is also the study of the narrator's famil of his father especially, a country small-holder, great oak of a man, slow of speech but rich inarticulate instinctive wisdom, who, discoveri he is suffering from a weak heart, takes to his b and waits for death with something of t stolidity, the lack of protest, of Professor River Melanesian Islanders. It is on this side of book that one feels Mr. Newby's kinship bo with Lawrence, in his vivid recreation of t silent unspoken conflicts and electric tensions compact family life, and with George Eliot, his depiction of the humorous (in the eighteent century sense) country character and his unde standing of the strength of a moral attitude wh an integral part of character. I am not sure ho far Mr. Newby was wise in complicating pattern still further by linking his narrator a his sister in a bond closer than the norm brother-sister relationship; one knows why did so, but he has not escaped the danger packing his book too tightly with too muc But it is a fine adult work, an original, exact a unexpected picture of traditional English workin class life.

It is with something of a shock that one members that *The Memoirs of a Ghost* is o Mr. Stonier's second fiction. One says ficti advisedly, for Mr. Stonier is not a novelist in t usual sense, as Mr. Newby is. First of all, he i tasist of wholly individual quality, whether iting the comic *Shaving Through the Blitz,* r all its fantasy the best rendering, apart from nry Green's *Caught*, of the conditions of life in London of 1940 that we have), or, as here, scribing Limbo as a ghost sees it. The earliest emory the ghost can summon up for us is the oment before death, when he was carrying a y across a room, with bombs overhead; er which we follow him through his ghosthood London as by degrees he becomes adjusted his ghostly life and can say with some assurance:

> Give him, then—the Ghost, I mean—his capital for a serious Negro couldn't be more touchy. To be designated *bogey* or *spook*, as *nigger*, is not, it must be admitted, encouraging. Death has its jokes, good and bad, as Life has. There *are*, no doubt, these haunters of moats and corridors, headless apparitions, wearing armour or clanking chains, and extending a luminous claw towards the throat of a victim ; but so also are these living freaks quite as monstrous—Siamese twins, zombies, paranoiacs, and the like ; one doesn't, on their account, deride all humanity. And if living (as most would agree) seems hard, then dying is incomparably harder.

It was Shelley who wrote, " Hell is a city much e London " : Mr. Stonier's Limbo *is* London, London presented in terms of a nightmare t so much terrifying as chilling, a London as nsely populated by ghosts as by rats ; a spooky rld caught in fog which drifts clear from time time to reveal tantalising half-formed images d isolated moments of exquisite lucidity. his world of ghosts suggested to one reader at y rate the world of some early German films d the " death's dream-kingdom " of Mr. Eliot's *e Hollow Men.* And at the end there is the sturbing thought : perhaps we are all ghosts in r. Stonier's Limbo, not so much haunting as ing haunted by the scenes of our past. *The emoirs of a Ghost* is a most unusual, most stinguished *tour-de-force* in the minor key.

I found Miss Jean Stafford's second novel, *e Mountain Lion*, disappointing. It is not a d novel ; on the contrary, this story of the ildhood and adolescence of an American boy and l is beautifully observed, most sensitively itten, and rich in felicities. Its central theme, e way in which the lives and characters of ildren are shaped by the myths they create for emselves, is perennially fascinating. But despite r talents, Miss Stafford's treatment of her eme does not begin to rival in subtlety or in iversality Mr. Hartley's in the Eustace books or, restrict the field of comparison to American velists of roughly similar background, Mr. Charles MacNicholl's in his *Crazy Weather*. For me, the book's main interest lay in the novelty of the scene ; ranching life in Colorado seen through children's eyes. What it most conspicuously lacks is rigorous selection of detail and dramatisation.

A Crowd Is Not Company is admirable—up to a point. It is a most sensitive and, one feels, exact account of life in a prisoner-of-war camp for R.A.F. officers in Germany, of the monotony, the boredom, the bickering, of attempted escapes and of the forced marches west as the Red Army presses nearer the German frontier. Mr. Kee proves that he can write. But he has yet to write a novel. The value of his book is of a faithful transcript of experience ; but the value of a novel goes far beyond that. What one had hoped for—it is what one has been hoping for since the prison-camp books began to appear—was something comparable to that fine play of the war of 1914-1918 *The Prisoner of War ;* after a second war Mr. Ackerley's play remains the most moving work of art to have come out of this widely shared experience. *A Crowd Is not Company* contains neither characters in the novelist's sense (though it contains many excellent character-sketches) nor dramatic conflict. One will look forward with some eagerness to any novel Mr. Kee may write, but it is a pity that either he or his publishers allowed this present book to be called a novel. WALTER ALLEN

BALI

A House in Bali. BY COLIN MCPHEE. *Gollancz.* 18*s*.

If one recalls that it was only by lending him one's elephant that the restless American composer, Colin McPhee, could be induced to stay an extra day in Angkor, it will be judged how tremendous was the lure of Bali, which held him captive several years, with only short intervals of flight, the better to savour its nostalgic spell. He has contrived in this short, admirably illustrated book to give a wonderfully complete picture of Balinese life, as it is lived from day to day by the villagers who, as he well shows, are themselves the sole artificers of the many rare beauties which tourists went from the other end of the world to see. This book is by no means the artless record of an American composer's musical studies in Bali. There is considerable art in its construction, and the reader may become conscious that he is being cunningly introduced to Balinese life in its entirety; that strange, beautiful web of custom, magic, human fears and metaphysical beliefs which have exteriorised themselves in many amazing plastic forms. The house-building itself was an operation which at various points required a dance or shadow-play performance, as well as the observance of religious rites; and the author has also introduced an account of a cremation and its attendant ceremonies, the magic drama of the Barong, with its inevitable accompaniment of "possession," charming descriptions of dance lessons by various famous teachers, and the detailed training of a little boy who became in time a very famous dancer. There is also an intimate picture of a princely interior, a few pompous ceremonies, elaborate preparations for feasts, on which Mr. McPhee, himself a famous cook, is a reliable authority, and village sports like cricket duels and cockfights, from which he evidently has no aversion.

Mr. McPhee was of course at liberty, as his story is personal, to make no allusion to other European or American residents in Bali. But as he does make casual mention of that very original painter and musician, Walter Spies, the most learned, beloved and trusted of all alien inhabitants of Bali, whose death by drowning during the war was far more than a personal calamity, one feels that recognition of the writer's many debts to him would have been a becoming gesture. Perhaps this awaits Mr. McPhee's book on Balinese music, which no one is so qualified to write as he. A single quotation must suffice to illustrate the writer's style and to show why the study of music in Bali becomes also of necessity a study of dancing.

> If you watch a Balinese dancer in a film without music you receive a strange impression. The dance seems to be taking place in slow motion. For a long time nothing happens. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, the dancer is seized with an outburst of energy, strikes pose after pose in quick succession; whirls and spirals in a frenzy, hands flying, shoulders quivering; as suddenly falls into inertia. What is happening in the dancer's mind ? What muscular life, if any, is at play beneath the dancer's stiff costume ?
>
> But look once more at the film to the sound of music. It is at once apparent that a mysterious energy is sweeping through the body of the dancer. Gestures that appeared relaxed and casual are seen to be at a peak of tension. The rhythm of the body, the halting of the hands, even the least movement of the eyes—all coincide to the last fraction of a second with the syncopated accents of the music. The dancer *is* the music, made visible.

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TOKEN PAYMENT

The Irish Tradition. ROBIN FLOWER. *Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d.*

As a ruling race the English have a vile cultural record. Reading the two half-volumes of the new Oxford History of English Literature which deal with the later Middle Ages, I couldn't help thinking what a feat of complacency it was never once to refer to the Welsh Dafydd ap Gwilym, a poet as great as Chaucer, whose works are still all but unedited, and, so far as I know, unstudied except in one book—in French! If he had taken the trouble to write in Chinese he would at least have been translated by Mr. Waley. The English translations of his verse are usually in the metre of "Twin-kell, twin-kell, lit-tell star," which, for some reason, Welsh scholars seem to think appropriate to the slow, stately, seven-syllabled line of Welsh and Irish poetry. Indeed, the only Englishman of letters who seems to have heard of him was Borrow, and he was mad—he was even interested in Irish!

Robin Flower, the English Celtic scholar, was always very popular in Ireland, and he had the reward, not often granted to scholars, of finding his subject still alive in the cottages of Kerry.

> "I listened spell-bound," he says in one of the few passages of personal emotion in his last book, "and as I listened it came to me suddenly that there in the last inhabited piece of European land, looking out to the Atlantic horizon, I was hearing the oldest living tradition in the British Isles. So far as the record goes this matter in one form or another is older than the Anglo-Saxon Beowulf, and yet it still lives upon the lips of the peasantry . . . while, except to a few painful scholars, Beowulf has long passed out of memory."

This book contains a number of Robin Flower's lectures on Irish literature, with many of his charming translations of Irish verse (though he, too, seems to have fallen under the spell of "Twinkle, twinkle, little star") strung loosely together in the form of the History of Irish Literature which he had hoped to write. As this book shows, a history of that kind, if it ever comes to be written, will make the new Oxford History of English Literature seem child's play, for the great period of Irish letters was the eighth and ninth centuries; an age of legends, from which it might seem a superhuman task to extract even a few grains of historical truth. All one can say of the writers and their characters is that "they fly through the air with the greatest of ease," and what at one moment seems a real poet, authenticated by the annals, rapidly changes into a magician and finally into something resembling a sun-myth.

Theirs is really the first Romantic movement. Its literature was largely produced in monasteries of the British type; a collection of huts within a walled enclosure, protected on every side by crosses which were the Celtic idea of what the Roman crosses of Northumbria looked like. The sculptors' ideas were no hazier than the writers'; for they used their Latin to create an Irish literature, and their religion to scatter themselves further to hermitages still more desolate, so that by the twelfth century little of either was left. They edited the old pagan legends, composed wild romances about historic figures, and wrote enchanting occasional verse from which we catch many glimpses of their lives; the "little bell, struck in the windy night," which summons them from their cold stone huts by the edge of the lake to the "lovely linen-hung chapel with the candles shining over the white gospels," and the roar of the wind across the lake which promises them a quiet night by confining the Viking brutes to their harbours. How often in London when the moonlight kept the descendants of the Vikings grounded I found myself remembering the monks in lonely Glendalough!

The wind is bitter tonight;
It tosses the white hair of the sea;
I do not fear the wild Viking warriors
Sailing the Irish Channel.

Flower is at his best in tracing the wanderings of these cranky scholars with their passion for "the white martyrdom" of exile from Glendalough or Kildare to the court of Charlemagne. His emphasis is properly placed, for, as Miss Waddell has shown, for all their eccentricities, these Irish monks were good Europeans. When the Vikings finally made their monasteries uninhabitable, literature passed into the all-too-loving arms of lay dynasties within the tight little Celtic system (Flower points a neat analogy with Soviet Russia) and became moribund. There is nothing in later Irish literature to compare with the splendid Norman-Welsh poetry.

Like most of those who came under the influence of the German scholars, Flower has nothing but contempt for Arnold. "The picture of Celtic literature drawn by Ernest Renan and Matthew Arnold—neither of whom, I believe, knew any Celtic language—does not carry conviction to those who read the original texts in their own setting." One can only reply with Dr. Flower's own translation of the lugubrious lines of an Irishman, overburdened with orthodoxy:

'Tis sad to see the sons of learning
In everlasting Hellfire burning
While he that never read a line
Doth in eternal glory shine.

Arnold still carries conviction where Flower, the son of learning, frequently does not. Quoting a well-known, painterly passage from *Táin Bo Fraích,* which describes a swimmer in a dark pool carrying a bough in his teeth, "the branch with the crimson berries between the throat and the white face," he says "the vision so clearly seen, so surely and swiftly rendered is of the very heart of the saga literature" which it most certainly isn't. Arnold's disciple, A.E., was nearer the mark when he quoted the mother's cry in "the Destruction of Dinn Rig"—"Your daughter breathes like a wife! She sighs because her lover has left her." The sagas which have come down to us in anything like their original form, before Latinless men had smothered them in barbaric decoration, are among the greatest things in all literature because, telling us of the lives of the men who dotted the Downs with their barrows, they record the great archetypal gestures of humanity before they were inhibited by rational thought.

"Whose wife are you, woman ?" said Conall.
"The wife of Mess Gegra, the king."
"You must come with me," said Conall.
"Who said so ?" said the woman.
"Mess Gegra," said Conall.
"Have you a sign ?" asked the woman.
"These are his chariot and horses," said Conall.
"He made gifts to many," said the woman.
"Here then is his head." . . .
The head blushed and paled, turn by turn.
"What ails the head, woman ?" said Conall.
"An argument he had with Athirne," said the woman. "He said no Ulsterman would ever carr

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FRANK O'CONNOR

NSANITY AND THE DEATH SENTENCE

st Murder. By EDWARD ROBINSON. *Lincolns-Prager.* *12s. 6d.*

Lawyers are not, as a rule, law reformers. As rofessor Laski says in his preface to this book, e major legal reforms in this country have been forced upon the legal profession by an indignant y opinion from the outside." But the need for new Jeremy Bentham is urgent.

Mr. Robinson, whose case is that insane people re being executed for murder under an obsolete ule of law, is not and would not claim to be a ew Bentham. Nor, surely, is he a lawyer: no wyer could misname so many famous jurists d their textbooks, or report a jury's verdict as "culpable homicide" (p. 190), or speak of "factual, circumstantial, and inferential evidence" though they were all different (p. 5), or imply at there is any court of appeal "for reconsideraon of a death sentence" (p. 20). He does not en obtrude himself as a writer—his book is a nthesis: a brief statement of the law about ime and insanity (Lord Hewart in 1935), a llection of the tentative efforts of jurists to fine insanity itself, a brief history of the death nalty, summaries of 109 murder cases that curred in the twenty years beginning with 1920, d a series of appendices giving extracts from ue-books on capital punishment, insanity, isons, medico-legal research, and Broadmoor.

The result is a disturbing indictment of presenty criminal procedure, strengthened by Mr. obinson's decision to let the facts, the lawyers, d the medicos speak for themselves (both for d against reform) and by the publication of his ook at a moment when a proposal to abolish e death penalty is to come before Parliament on free-vote amendment to the Criminal Justice ill—though abolition itself is a subject which he oquently leaves alone. It is probable that, ithout the death penalty, we should never have d the McNaghten Rules, by which our juries ust be guided in considering every defence of sanity.

In 1843 Sir Robert Peel's secretary, Mr. rummond, who bore a likeness to his chief and was sometimes mistaken for him, was shot dead in Whitehall by Daniel McNaghten, a man who had "had his troubles" and believed they were all due to the Tories, and who thought he was shooting Sir Robert Peel. His acquittal of murder as "the victim of an insane delusion" led to an anxious debate in the House of Lords, and their Lordships submitted to twelve of His Majesty's Judges a questionnaire on the subject of insanity and crime, the answers to which (the "McNaghten Rules") have been accepted as binding on the courts throughout the century that has since elapsed. The modern criticism is that they do not admit the existence of "irresistible impulse" due to disease of the mind. They are addressed to two main issues: did the prisoner know the nature and quality of the act he was doing, and did he know it was wrong? If so, no matter what evidence there may be of mental abnormality, he is "guilty"; if not, he must, in effect, be acquitted on the grounds of insanity—and spend his life in Broadmoor. The case Mr. Robinson makes beyond a shadow of doubt is that, through forcing juries to keep within the framework of the McNaghten Rules, we are executing people who are irresponsibly insane, and by inciting juries to find people insane when they kill, we are in fact confining sane people in asylums. "As few fates can be worse than this," Lord Darling told the 1929 Committee on Capital Punishment, "I would advise, should such verdicts become common, that the penalty of death should be abolished." But only if they become common; a few hanged lunatics, a few sane men in the madhouse for life, would not be enough.

Whether the death penalty is abolished or retained, the influence it has had on the development and structure of the criminal law is beyond computation. No criminal is ever defended with the care, ingenuity, and tenacity that go into the defence of a man on trial for his life; accordingly no lesser crime inspires such merciless persistence in the prosecution, such ritualistic precision in the Judge. But it is the crimes punishable with death (at one time there were nearly 200 of them) which have, above all, moved juries to find shifts and expedients for verdicts of acquittal in defiance of all the evidence; and it is those expedients as much as the statutory means by which some of them have been circumvented that form the framework of the law of evidence in criminal cases. The McNaghten Rules apply to the theft of an apple as much as they do to murder, but no one wants to risk Broadmoor for stealing an apple; they were designed to stop juries acquitting lunatics on medical evidence which twelve lawyers, 100 years ago, considered irrelevant. The lawyer's difficulty is still, perhaps, represented in another proposition put to the 1929 Commission by Lord Darling—the only legislator, by the way, who has ever attempted to amend the McNaghten Rules by including irresistible impulse as a legally-recognised manifestation of insanity. "There are philosophers," he said, "who have come to the conclusion that when a man has done wrong he is acting automatically. I have never been told that that is so when he has done right."

C. H. ROLPH

Translation. Second Series. Edited by NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE and ELIZABETH KING. *Phoenix Press.* 10s. 6d.

The new *Translation* is drawn from thirteen languages, with an intentional (but we hope temporary) swing to the Iberian and minor Slavonic tongues. The opinion of the editors, that the good translation is one which stimulates comparison with predecessors, or even one which understands the spirit of its poet, is debatable. Surely, at its best, translation is one of the creative arts, and its virtue is to appear to have no original. If such seamless garments are a minority in the present collection, no doubt many of the originals were themselves patchwork—as Joyce says, one cannot wake a silken nouse out of a hoarse oar. Nearly all the translations meet the editors' requirements. A good many meet the more exacting, and are recognisable by a tendency to persist in the memory, while the rest vanish overnight, fidelity and all. Among these winners are a pretty Landor-like Anacreon by John Ounsted; a *hochromantisch* Lermontov by W. K. Mathers

"High noon in Daghestan; a lonely valley:
My body heavy on its barren strand";

Allan M. Laing's Heredia (except the last three words of *The Stained Glass Window*) and Karel Offer's Czech *Bedtime Story* from František Halas:

"Dont get a chill
the woodpecker called from a tree
You mustn't let it make you ill
let me tap your chest quoth he."

At least two would deserve a place in an anthology of the best translations ever made—Vernon Watkins' from Heine's *Nordsee*, and a Lorca by that momentarily unpopular poet of genius, Roy Campbell. The editors chose from the astonishing total of five thousand offerings. Evidently they are playing a major part in keeping alive an art which produces from time to time such *tours de force* as Norman Cameron's Rimbaud or Louis MacNeice's Aragon, and once or twice in a generation such a fertilising masterpiece as Mr. Leishman's Rilke.

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It was Maisie Ward's father who wrote the standard biography of Newman, but it is almost entirely about Newman's life as a Catholic; of the first forty-five years, he gave only a rapid sketch. Maisie Ward, who has had access to many hitherto unpublished letters, now supplies the missing half. It may not be an exaggeration to say that a new Newman emerges, and in the emergence we get a clue to much in the later life that is baffling.

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Proudhon is known to most people for two phrases: "Property is theft," "God is evil." Clearly the first remark shows Proudhon a revolutionary, and the second an atheist. But do not be deceived by the slogan sound of them. Cheap epigrams may be the product of intellectual cheapness; but they may be the product of impatient violence. Proudhon was very violent indeed, but there was nothing cheap about him.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 946

Set by John Brown

The usual prizes are offered for a set of three new London Street Cries. Total twelve lines. Entries by April 13.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 943

Set by Thomas Smallbones

Competitors are asked to suppose that they are writing a detective novel with an original kind of detective in it. The usual prizes are offered for a 200-word extract beginning at the point when he is first introduced to the reader.

Report by Thomas Smallbones

An enormous assortment—dogs, dwarfs, deafmutes planchettes ectoplasms, Professor Joad, schoolgirls, tramps, the tall, the short, the shoddy and the trim. The problem was not only the detective but also the convincing introduction of him into a novel. H. A. C. Evans seemed to me a clear winner and I award him three guineas ; a guinea each to D. D. and J. Bowen and two consolation half guineas to J. C. B. Date and R. M. Lang.

. . . . Then the door opened and Inspector Pointer entered, followed by a small boy of about ten years.

" This is Master Duodevicesimus Sperm—" began the Inspector

" Dooohdayveechaysimoos, Inspector," murmured the boy. " The modern pronunciation, you know."

" Ah—quite so. I have thought it my duty," went on the Inspector, "to ask Master Sperm's help in this baffling case."

The boy sat down and regarded us calmly. He was a slender child, somewhat knock-kneed, a trifle pop-eyed, and with an unusually large head. Round his mouth was a smear of chocolate.

" No case is insoluble," he said, in a fluting treble. " Remember the classic maxim—thesis, antithesis, synthesis."

He fumbled in the pocket of his shorts, produced a chocolate cream and popped it into his mouth.

" The motive— " began the Inspector again.

" First things first, Inspector, *please*," interrupted the boy. " Motive is one of the terminal points. We must first identify the metaphysical background, then proceed to assess the psychological climate. Afterwards we may work towards the terminal points by pure ratiocination within the framework of the dialectic."

Again he fumbled in his pocket, produced another chocolate, inspected it carefully, rubbed it on his jacket, then bit into it reflectively . . . .

H. A. C. EVANS

The man in the brown homburg was shown into the long, light room overlooking the Park. " I am told," he said hesitantly, " that you still investigate strange happenings. No one could need your help more than I do."

The Marquis was standing on his head, reading one of the obscurer Aztec visionaries. He was in evening dress, the Golden Fleece dangling by his nose. " Ah! " he replied, " it was with just those words that *l'affaire* Creuzot began. How does one escape the monotony of life ? Perhaps in the Upanishads. But tell me your trouble, my friend. I may at least help you by explaining you to yourself."

" My nerves won't last much longer, My wife and the little boy have gone . . ."

" Allow me," said the Marquis gently, " to recommend, before we begin our talk, that you adopt the same posture as myself. It will, as they no doubt say at the London School of Economics, give you a new angle on your problem."

The other man shuddered. His hand went to his pocket. A shot rang out. The Marquis turned slowly through ninety degrees. Very soon the long, light room was empty of living things.

D. D.

I knocked, a little timidly, and entered. Mr. Merry looked up at me.

" Do sit down," he said, " I won't be a jiffy," and, taking a pair of tweezers from the desk, continued with what appeared to be a re-classification of his stamp collection.

Bashfully, my eyes roved from the Stanley Gibbons catalogue on his desk to " 101 Things a Boy Can Do " and the bound volumes of " Chums' " in the bookcase, from the dark red, dusty curtains to the tattered tablecloth, slithered around the House Groups on the walls, noticed the cricket stump in one corner and the jar of Cocoanut Lumps on the mantelpiece, and finally returned with some hesitation to the detective.

He was wearing grey flannels with a white shirt (the collar ink-stained), and an ill-knotted bootlace tie. His face was round and red, with short fair hair *en brosse,* and an immature moustache, of which he seemed inordinately proud, tugging and fondling it from time to time. His neck and throat were not over-clean, nor did he seem for some time to have washed behind his ears.

Finally he closed the album, and hesitantly I fumbled over my improbable narrative.

" Crumbs ! " he said, " What a ripping show ! "

J. BOWEN

. . . The Colonel looked round uncertainly and sat down at the desk.

" Good afternoon," said a voice from a chair in the far corner of the room. " Colonel Arbuthnot ?"

The Colonel leapt up startled. " Good God !" he said. " Didn't see you. Yes, I'm Arbuthnot You got my letter ? "

" Yes, I understand you wish to consult me."

" My daughter made me come," said the Colon apologetically. " Fact is, I haven't much faith i detectives myself. No offence meant, of course like to be blunt, that's all."

" I am glad. Perhaps it will give you some faith i my abilities if I tell you that you are a man in the lat fifties, of above average height, with thinning hai grey at the temples, blue eyes, rather lined feature and a moustache. When you entered this room, yo sat in the chair beside my desk. You rose from it whe you heard my voice, which you had not expected and then sat down again. At present you are fingerin my paper-knife."

" True enough," said the Colonel. " But you ha only to look at me to learn all that."

" Quite so," came the reply. " But then, you see I am blind."

J. C. B. DATE

" You see, Inspector," said the Professor afte listening to a resumé of the facts, " I have a theory Life is either logical or logically illogical. It is a serie of heterogeneous events which, viewed objectively may be integrated into a composite whole. The ol philosophers such as Tycho Brahe, Galileo an Huyghens were hampered in their investigations b the limitations of the classical mathematical concept

"But their successors, starting with Newton an Leibniz were able to throw a new light on co synchronous events by means of the infinitesimal an integral calculus. By combining this treatment o facts with the general theories of probability an statistics, it is possible to analyse any given set o related facts."

" Like the public opinion surveys do," interjecte the Inspector.

" Precisely ; but more so," continued the Professo " It's all a question of the correct substitution in th formulas. The situation as I see it is like this."

Drawing his chair to the table the Professor too from his despatch case a volume of mathematic tables, a slide-rule and a sheet of foolscap. While th Inspector smoked in mystified silence, the Professo covered the sheet with pencilled groups of symbol And against each group he put a name.

" All that now remains to be done," announced th Professor reaching for his slide-rule, " is the solvin of eleven simultaneous equations."

R. M. LANG

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Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns re- s to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless or she is excepted from the provision of the ontrol of Engagement Order, 1947, or the ancy is for employment excepted from the ovision of that Order.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong invites applics. for appointment of Vice-Chancellor. Sal. rate of £3,000 p.a.: at present a variable igh Cost of Living allowance is paid at rate £300 p.a. Information about University and ure of appointment from Sec., Universities reau of British Empire, 8 Park St. W.1. osing date for receipt of applics. April 16.

GLASGOW University Extra-Mural Educ. Cttee. Applics. invited for follg. posts: (1) ff-Tutor qualified to take classes of Tutorial d sessional type in Economics and Political eory. Initial salary £500-£600 according to p. and qualifics., rising to £650 plus £50 h child and superann. (2) Staff-Tutor quali- d to teach Economics, Political Theory, In- national Relations. Initial salary £450-£500, ing to £600 plus £50 each child and super- n. Statement of conditions of appointment d duties from Director of Extra-Mural udies, 3 University Gardens, Glasgow, W.2, whom applics. should be sent by May 15.

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applics. ited for Assistant Lectureship in Economic tory. Sal. scale £400 p.a., rising to £500 h superannuation benefits and educational owance. Successful candidate will be ex- ted to interest himself particularly in the nomic history of the late 19th and 20th cen- ies. Applics., which should be accompanied names of 3 refs., to be forwarded by April , to Secretary, London School of Economics, ughton St. Aldwych, W.C.2, from whom ther information obtainable.

B.C. invites applics. for post of Sub-Editors Central News Department and German s Department in Overseas Services. Duties lude compilation and writing of news bulle- . There are also vacancies for Sub-Editors other language sections. Special knowledge at least one European country is essential. ary is in a grade rising by annual incre- nts of £40 to a maximum of £890 p.a. De- led applics. to Appointments Officer, Broad- ting House, London, W.1, marked "Sub- itors N. Stn.," within 7 days. For acknow- ment enclose s.a.e.

ITY of Edinburgh—Assistant Psychiatrist reqd. Duties principally under the Child idance Scheme of the School Medical Ser- e. Commencing salary £700 plus bonus, h placing according to exp. Applics., giv- g age, qualifics. and exp. should be lodged h the Medical Officer of Health, Johnston errace, Edinburgh, by April 10, 1948.

.C.C. Avery Hill Training College for Women, Eltham, S.E.9. Reqd. Sept., Lec- er (man/woman) in gardening to start a new rse in this subject. Candidates should have degree in horticulture or diploma of a recog- d horticultural college and some practical p. Training college scale salary. Successful ndidate will also be expected to undertake ponsibility for restoration of college grounds supervision of gardening staff. In return these duties an allowance of £70 a year bject to review when work of restoration is pleted) will be paid in addition to scale ry. Applics. (no forms required) to Princi- l, from whom further details of post may be ained. (544.)

URFORD House School, Putney. Applics. invited for post of Headmistress of Burford use School, 104, West Hill, Putney, S.W.15, Junior Approved School taking 24 specially ected girls of good intelligence, attending ondary and technical schools. Applicants uld be under 45 and have exp. of dealing h difficult girls, a practical interest in mod- n educational development and residential p. are desirable. The Headmistress will be ponsible for the home life and leisure activi- s of the girls, their placing on leaving school d after-care supervision. Sal. £330 to £495, full residential emoluments. The School, ich is being re-equipped, will be opening rly. Applics., stating age and exp., to be t in writing to the Correspondent at School.

YORKSHIRE Rural Community Council. Assistant Secretary, man or woman, is d. to assist in the general work of Council. owl. of rural life and interest in social and cational problems essential. Commencing £350 p.a. with superannuation and travel- g expenses in addition. For partics. and plic. form send s.a.e. to Secy., Yorkshire al Community Council, 9 Minster Yard, k, who will receive applics. up to April 21.

ITY of Leicester Education Cttee. Moel Llys Hostel for Mal-Adjusted Children. plics. invited for appointment of man and e to joint post of Warden and Matron at above Hostel. (Accom. for their children ilable.) Qualifics. and exp. in teaching, ld welfare work, child psychology or nurs- are especially valuable for the type of k. Sal. in accordance with the provision of Reynolds Report, viz., £300×£15 to £525 . (in the case of a qualified teacher the nham Scale will operate) in respect of the rden, and £150×£10 to £200 p.a. for tron. Residential emoluments will include board and lodgings. Appointment is sub- t to provisions of Local Government Super- ation Act, 1937, and the persons appointed l be reqd. to commence duties on Sept. 1. plics. by letter, including the names of 2 s., to be sent to Eifed Thomas, Director of cation, City Education Office, Leicester.

HERWOOD (Community-Co-ed.) School, Epsom, Surrey, reqs. Junior Teacher (some ., also handwork or games), Sept. term.

Appointments Vacant—continued

L.C.C. Panel of Examiners. Applics. invited for inclusion in panel of Examiners to set the general intelligence paper used to test children between 10 and 11 yrs. of age. This paper is one of the means employed to determine the secondary school for which a child is most suited. Exp. of setting intelligence tests for children of this age should be stated. Applic. forms (G.P.1/126) from Education Officer (G.P.1), County Hall, S.E.1 (s.a.e. necessary), to be returned by April 24. Canvassing disqualifies. (635.)

L.C.C. Psychiatric Social Worker reqd. at Friern Hospital (for nervous and mental disorders), New Southgate, N.11. Exp. essential. Candidates pref. should hold Mental Health Cert. of London School of Econs. or equivalent qualific., and will be reqd. to co-operate with medical staff in investigating history of mental cases and supervising social welfare of patients. Salary scale (qualified staff) £370-£530 a year (commencing salary according to exp.). For applic. form send stamped addressed foolscap env. to Medical Officer of Health (MHS/B), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. (595.)

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, urgently requires Froebel or similar trained teacher for 7-year group Interest in progressive education essential. Apply Dorothy Mumford, Forest Row 189.

GIRLS' Physical Training: Summer post at Sidcot School, Winscombe, Somerset, vacant for resident Mistress. For term or June and July. Apply Headmaster.

TEACHER reqd. September for 7-yr. olds, preferably Froebel trained. Would suit mother with own child 4-10. Odam Hill School, and Children's Farm, Romansleigh, S. Molton.

PETERBOROUGH, Westwood House School. Wanted, September, graduate Assistant Mistress and young graduate Assistant Master to divide teaching English, Geography, History, up to school cert. with Senior girls, the Master also to take charge of boys in Preparatory. Recog. Burnham. Govt. superann.

EAST Sussex Education Cttee. Applics. invited from suitably qualified men and women for post of Youth Leader for work in Haywards Heath dist. Sal. in accordance with following scales: For Youth Leaders who have satisfactorily completed a course of training recognised by the Ministry of Education: £300×£10 to £350. For Youth Leaders who are not so qualified £270×£10 to £320. Forms of applics. may be obtained with further parties. from undersigned on receipt of a s.a.e., to be returned accompanied by copies of 3 recent testimonials so as to reach undersigned by April 17. J. H. Baines, Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Lewes, Sussex.

L.C.C. Matron reqd. at a boarding school for educationally sub-normal girls, 241 King St. Hammersmith, W.6. Exp. desirable in institutional admin. incl. catering and care of children. Nursing qualifics. not required. Salary £230 to £290 a year, plus tax-free emoluments of board, lodging, laundry and medical attendance. Appointment permanent and pensionable, subject to satisfactory service and medical exam., and is excepted from Control of Engagement Order, 1947. Applic. forms and further details from Educ. Officer (Estab. 6D/72). County Hall, S.E.1. (582.)

L.C.C. reqs. at Wandsworth Emergency Training College for Teachers, Trinity Rd. S.W.18, Nurse-Matron (resident) to take charge for College sick bay and to be responsible under College Medical Officer, for health of about 325 male students; also to assist Domestic Bursar in admin. of College. Training and exp. in institutional management is desirable. Candidates should be S R N. Salary £275 a year plus tax-free emoluments of board, lodging and laundry. Appointment is exempt from Control of Engagement Order, 1947. Apply in writing, stating details of qualifics. and exp., to Principal at College. (581.)

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Where to Stay and Restaurants—continued

OLD Plaw Hatch Hotel and Country Club, nr. East Grinstead (Tel. Sharpethorne 17). Kathleen Batten invites you to relax, work or play at old country house with every mod. conv. 15 acres own gdns. Car meets trains Haywards Heath/E. Grinstead. 6-9*gns.* wkly.

PORTQUIN. Stay in a fisherman's cottage beside beach, miniature castle on headland, or suite with kitchenette and living room in Doyden House, facing Atlantic. Unspoiled, no town; food delivered and home grown. Vacancies early, late summer, not Aug. Maxwell, Portquin, Port Isaac, N. Cornwall.

PENRALLT Trefriw. A guest house run by hill-lovers for hill-lovers. Old converted farmhouse in heart of Welsh mountains. Remote situation near Llyn Geirionydd. Very good food and fires. Informal atmosphere 4½/5*gns.* Children under 5, spring only Bonner: Llanrwst 166.

HARTLAND Quay Hotel, Hartland, N. Devon. Delightful situation on Atlantic coast, remote, unspoilt; h. & c most rooms; fully licensed, own farm, accom. all months. Hartland 18. 'Grams: Quay Hotel, Hartland.

BOOK your holiday early through Claridges, Personally recommended accommodation, Hove, Brighton district. Claridges, 8 Brunswick Place, Hove. Tel. 8429.

BUDE, Cornwall—Hawarden Hotel. Facing South and by sea. Bathing direct from hotel. Restricted Lic. H. & c. all rms Bude 147.

MELLARS à la Carte: MUS. 0382, 60 Tottenham Ct. Rd. Nightly to 11. Offer menu like this: Amontillado, Antipasto, St. Emilion; Surrey fowl, Peach Melba, Café, Cointreau. 17*s.* 6*d.* incl. Service (or variants).

ZURICH Restaurant, 65 Cleveland St. W.1, for original Swiss cooking. Reservations 'phone Mus. 9431.

Schools

BEDSTONE Court School, Bucknell, Shropshire (Boys 8-18). Opening Sept. Good food, sound education, bracing climate (over 500ft. up). R. J. Rees, M.A., Cantab.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 3 to 18 Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd. N.W.11.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts. Home school for boys and girls, 3 to 13, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness.—Elizabeth Strachan Tel Ware 52.

SHERWOOD School (Epsom 9125). A co-educ. community, aiming at indep. initiative and friendliness. Schl., Higher Certs., boarding, day (exc. centre for Wimbledon, Sutton, Kingston, Leatherhead).

SMALL group of weekly boarders, pref. under eight years, accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Ave. N.W.3. Primrose 4306. Elizabeth Paul, Ph.D.

Examinations and Scholarships

UNITED Nations. An examination will shortly be held in London to find qualified candidates for the English and French Translation Sections of the U.N. Secretariat. Translators are reqd. to translate into their mother tongue (English or French). English candidates must have a first-class knowledge of French and of either Spanish, Russian or a Scandinavian language. Further partics. and applic. forms may be requested only in writing before April 5 from Secy., United Nations Examining Board, London University Examination Building, Room C. Imperial Institute Rd. S. Kensington, London, S.W.7.

A SCHOLARSHIP of the value of £60 for 1 year to be held in Sept. 1948, at the Chateau d'Oex School of Languages, Switzerland, an internatl. centre where Sixth Formers and older students of both sexes can specialise in modern languages, is offered for competition in May. Preparation for Higher School Cert. & Univ. entr. & scholarship exams. Emphasis on oral work & internatl. understanding Partics. from Miss Margaret M. Tregear, B.A.

Readers' Market

FOR Sale: 30 Standard works on Art; Grove's Dictionary of Music, latest edition, 6 volumes; Boehn, Modes and Manners; Decl. of Ancient World to 18th Century—offers; Goethe, Edition Cotta, 1851, complete, 40 volumes, offers; First Edition "Zuleika Dobson," offers; H.M.V. auto-radiogram 10, 1947, table model, practically unused, £52; E.M.G. Gramophone, Mark IX, £25; Modern all-wave Table Radiogram with 36 Bach/Chopin Records, £32; 6ft. Grand Piano Kaps Dresden, £75; almost new Beckkassel Biologists Microscope, £60; Dinner Suit, new, £20, black pin-stripe, £12, both 5ft. 10in.; Remington portable, £25; Pye Console, walnut, overhauled, £14; new 1947 uncouponed Ladies' Clothes, cheap; Undergraduate's Gown; Graduate's Gown; St. Andrew's Red Gown; Oboe, Artist's model, £55; Walmsley 'Cello, 1727, £100.

WANTED: Modern Books, particularly 1st Editions: The Plays of Garcia Lorca; André Gide's Shakespeare; Letarouilly's "Edifices De Rome Modern"; London B.A. Gown, Hood; "Future of British Empire after 10 Years," Ferdinand Schiller (published 1936); "Our Human Truth," Ferdinand Schiller (published 1940).

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